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The Nation.

June 19, 1982 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

WHY LEBANON MUST SURVIVE

"Peace is the issue, not Lebanon. There is no Lebanon or plausible plan to revive it." So says *The New York Times* in a June 7 editorial. Such is the current consensus.

We strongly differ. The road to peace ultimately lies through the war-torn streets of Beirut. For within the Lebanese mosaic—both religious and ethnic—resides the closest thing in the Arab world to a democracy. Even today, after years of civil war and foreign intervention, Lebanon still contains the only halfway free market in political and artistic expression in the Arab world. Only in Lebanon, with its universities and its pluralistic—albeit highly sectarian—press, does there exist real intellectual discourse.

Because this pluralistic atmosphere harbors the potential for creating a genuinely secular and democratic nation, the preservation of the "implausible" Lebanese state must be the hope of democrats everywhere.

It is said by the Israelis in defense of their most recent invasion of Lebanon that they seek to destroy only the P.L.O., not Lebanon as such—though Menachem Begin has made it clear that in fact he would not hesitate to ravage the whole country in pursuing the Palestinians. But whatever Israel does, it is not likely to be able to break the allegiance of those Palestinians to the P.L.O.—unless, of course, a homeland is negotiated for them in the West Bank and Gaza. This fact will remain unaltered even if tomorrow Lebanon ceases to exist.

After all, it is not the Palestinians who threaten the survival of Israel. Palestinian terrorism, like the Israeli violence it elicits, is murderous and must be condemned, but the real threat to Israel is its own continued occupation of the West Bank. That has now become the primary arena for Palestinian self-determination, and it is there that Israel must direct its attention.

OUR MAN IN CYPRUS
Christopher Hitchens

HAS THE VOLUNTEER ARMY FAILED?
Michael Specter

INSIDE 'FREE LEBANON'
Robert Friedman

MARXISTS UNDER ATTACK
Alan Wolfe

'POETS IN THEIR YOUTH'
Katha Pollitt

U.S. FORCES INVADE 'BROWN'

TESTING OUT HAIG'S NEW WAR POLICY

MICHAEL T. KLARE

It could have been a scene from the British landing on the Falklands, as thousands of soldiers stormed ashore from amphibious assault ships and took up positions in the surrounding hillsides. But this was Puerto Rico, not the Falklands, and the invading troops were American, not British. The timing, however, was very close: the U.S. landing occurred on May 7, just two weeks to the day before the British landing at Port San Carlos. And while the United States is not expected to join the fighting in the Falklands, the May 7 landing was intended as practice for possible U.S. attacks on other Latin American targets—particularly Cuba and Nicaragua.

Officially, the objective of the landing was the island nation of "Brown"—a mythical ally of the Soviet Union located somewhere in the Caribbean region. For three weeks in May, some 45,000 U.S. soldiers and sailors attacked military installations in Brown, which was represented by portions of Florida, Puerto Rico and Vieques (an island subdivision of Puerto Rico). These attacks were part of operation "Ocean Venture 1982," a multiservice training maneuver billed as the largest military exercise ever held in the Caribbean. As in all such exercises, U.S. officials refused to divulge the identity of the target. But there was no possibility of mistake here—after telling me that Brown was a "totalitarian-type regime that is attempting to export subversion and revolution throughout the region," Rear Adm. Robert P. McKenzie, commander of U.S. forces in the Caribbean, grinned and said, "But you won't get me to say that Brown is Cuba."

(*Continued on Page 750*)

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LETTERS.

MORE ON 'ST. JOHN'S REVIEW'

New York City

In his May 29 letter to *The Nation*, Dean Edward Sparrow of St. John's College unfortunately omitted pertinent information about *St. John's Review*. As a St. John's alumna, I wish to add to the record.

Although Sparrow doesn't seem to share it, Fran Schumer's perception ["The New Right's Campus Press," *The Nation*, April 3] that *St. John's Review* recently shifted from being apolitical and scholarly to being right-wing and political is shared by many people familiar with the *Review*, including myself. The timing of the Institute for Educational Affairs grant and the change in the *Review*'s tone may be coincidental; but it is undeniable that the change began when the current editor took over.

However, the *Review* appears to be changing once again. The college is currently seeking a new editor for the magazine. And under a *Review* charter adopted this spring, the editor will be responsible to a college committee and serve a term limited to four years.

In addition to the charter, the college has recently adopted an editorial policy for the *Review*, which states in part: "Contributions [to the *Review*] aim to provide their readers with a representation in print of the continuing study and free discussion which is fostered by the Program [of the college] . . . the interpretation of texts of worth and power and the consideration of deep and troubling issues. . . . As it represents the St. John's Program, the *St. John's Review* espouses no philosophical, religious or political doctrine beyond a dedication to liberal learning, and its readers may accordingly expect to find diversity of thought represented in its pages."

The adoption of an editorial policy and a charter for the *Review* are evidence that many people in the college's administration also believed that the magazine had recently abandoned its apolitical tone and that they have decided to remedy the situation.

K. C. Victor

SINGING COOK'S PRAISES

Lac du Flambeau, Wisc.

Just a few words of appreciation for the articles by Fred J. Cook, which are highly informative and revealing. Too bad *The Nation* does not have the circulation of *The National Enquirer* and like magazines. Perhaps then there would be an inquiry into, or even an outcry against, the situations Cook writes about.

Why have there not been letters of commendation from *Nation* readers for Cook's work? Amusingly enough, there have been some negative letters, but Cook's replies beautifully disprove all allegations of inaccuracy on his part. In every case he shows how misleading, fallacious and hypocritical the assertions are.

I hope that Cook's articles will continue to appear in *The Nation*, and that at least a few readers will write letters of appreciation for his fine work.

Henry L. Stevens

INEFFECTUAL REGULATION

New Haven, Conn.

The Nation's editorial on the Labor Department's "hazard communication" standard for labeling potentially toxic workplace chemicals ["'Only 400' Deaths," April 24] seriously overstates its significance. . . .

The proposed guideline (and it is no more than that) is certain to be ineffective, for it does not specify procedures for determining whether a chemical is hazardous, as did a regulation proposed during the Carter Administration, which has been withdrawn. Instead, the new "performance oriented" proposal would allow chemical manufacturers to use "whatever procedures they choose so long as they can demonstrate that they have adequately ascertained the scientifically well-established hazards of the chemicals" they produce. Manufacturers may—but are not required to—consult a list of "suggested" scientific references.

Enforcement of this standard would be nearly impossible, especially in light of OSHA's reduced inspection force. Under the Carter standard, insuring minimal compliance would have been a relatively simple matter. OSHA inspectors could have examined the "hazard evaluation files" that each importer or manufacturer would have been required to keep and thus determined whether the manufacturer had complied with the specified procedures. Under the Reagan Administration's performance-oriented approach, the manufacturers' duty is so ambiguous that OSHA would bear the substantial burden of proof in insuring compliance or proving a violation.

At best, OSHA and the Labor Department are more circumspect than the Office of Management and Budget in expressing their cynical disregard for the lives of American workers. John Martonik, OSHA's Deputy Director of Health Standards, admitted that his agency's standard would entail a sacrifice of "consistent" worker protection, although it would be "more equitable in terms of employer burden." Moreover, OSHA has called for the invalidation of existing state "right-to-know" laws, even though some, like those of New York and California, promise greater worker protection than the proposed Federal guideline. To its credit, the O.M.B. questioned the wisdom of seeking pre-emption of such state laws, if only because of the Administration's purported commitment to a New Federalism.

Fred Jacobs

FIGHTING THE PHILIPPINE TREATY

Evanston, Ill.

In the item on the Philippines ["Dispatches," *The Nation*, March 27], Elizabeth Farnsworth and Stephen Talbot mention that the U.S.-Philippine extradition treaty was signed in November, but fail to explain that the treaty still must be ratified by the U.S. Senate. If it occurs, the ratification of this treaty will (*1*) set a precedent; (*2*) call into question all treaties with other countries, of which there are about 100; (*3*) remove the protection of *habeas corpus*; and (*4*) be another way of stripping the courts of their authority.

This omission could give the impression that there is nothing to be done to stop the treaty, but that is not the case. People can still work against ratification by writing to their senators and to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Edna Roberts

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Throughout her six distinguished years as literary editor of *The Nation*, Elizabeth Pochoda displayed a rare combination of the highest critical standards and a remarkable openness to the unfamiliar. Indeed, it is this very openness which has led her to accept a position as an editor with a new magazine that will begin publishing next spring under the old name *Vanity Fair*. We thank her, wish her well and are pleased that she will still be part of the *Nation* family as a new member of our editorial board.

Katha Pollitt, who succeeds Elizabeth Pochoda, is a poet and critic who has won *The Nation*'s Discovery Award (offered jointly with the Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City) and has recently published her first book of poems, *Antarctic Traveller*, with Alfred A. Knopf. She is the recipient of numerous grants and awards, and in addition to *The Nation* her reviews have appeared in *The New York Times Book Review*, *Mother Jones*, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic* and other magazines. In her poem "Thinking of the World as an Idea," Pollitt writes of "that sleeper/who dreams the word that widens/until it becomes the world." The editors take special pleasure in welcoming Katha Pollitt to the world of *The Nation*.

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EDITORIALS.

McCarran Redux

The denial of visas to more than 300 people who wanted to visit the United States to take part in activities connected with the U.N. disarmament session is an important reminder that it is high time to repeal that relic of McCarthyism, the ideological exclusion provision of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act.

As is almost always the case with laws and regulations that punish speech or thought, the McCarran-Walter Act gives the officials who administer the law vast discretionary authority. At times, they have used this authority to keep out of the United States such distinguished writers as Carlos Fuentes, Julio Cortázar, Gabriel García Márquez, Régis Debray and Dario Fo. At other times, they have allowed such people in. Even the Belgian Marxist scholar Ernest Mandel, whose exclusion was specifically upheld by the Supreme Court in 1972, was permitted to visit the United States a few years later.

We do not readily recall an instance in which the government's discretionary authority under the McCarran-Walter Act has been exercised as stupidly as in this present case. (In fact, 286 of those denied visas last month belonged to Gensuikyo, a Japanese peace group whose members visited the United States for the first U.N. disarmament session in 1978.) The government's action secured several additional front-page stories about the disarmament protests in the week before they began even though the Reagan Administration probably preferred that they get as little attention as possible. It undercut the argument that disarmament protests may take place freely here while those opposing official

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policy in the Soviet Union are quickly squelched. It made the United States appear all the more the villain to disarmament advocates in other countries. And it seemed to betray the responsibilities of the United States as the U.N.'s host.

Excluding the disarmament protesters also violates the Helsinki Final Act of 1975, which was signed by the United States. That agreement commits signatory states "to facilitate freer movement and contacts, individually and collectively, whether privately or officially, [and] to administer flexibly the procedures for exit and entry." These provisions apply with special force to those seeking to visit the United States to take part in disarmament activities, since the Helsinki Accords explicitly provide that signatory states recognize "the close link" between "the strengthening of world peace and security and . . . the promotion of fundamental rights." It shames the United States that those wishing to visit to participate in activities intended to promote world peace are not granted the rights that the Helsinki Accords commit the government to respect, just as it shames this country that the ideological exclusion provision is still law.

Covert Charge

President Reagan's visit to Europe last week naturally put new emphasis on our European allies and the ways in which they are being asked to serve the ends of America and the Atlantic alliance. It is an issue that deserves serious consideration, now more than ever, but it would be fitting for it to be confronted with all the facts in place. One of those facts, revealing much about America's traditional—but hidden—relations with Europe, has just now come to light.

According to highly reliable sources in the U.S. intelligence community, the Central Intelligence Agency secretly funneled some $7 million to West German press baron Axel Springer in the early 1950s to help him build his vast media empire and serve American geopolitical interests. Springer's relationship with the C.I.A. continued at least until the early 1970s, these sources say, and there is no reason to believe the relationship has ever been terminated.*

Springer today is head of the largest publishing conglomerate in Western Europe, one unprecedented in both size and influence in postwar Germany. In addition to two radio-and-TV magazines, two Sunday newspapers and the large Ullstein publishing house, his holdings include *Bild Zeitung*, a newspaper of 11 million readers known for its sensationalism, far-right vitriol and stories dealing with sex and violence, and *Die Welt*, a prestigious daily of conservative views. According to Rudolph Augstein, publisher of the weekly *Der Spiegel*: "No single man in Germany, before or after Hitler, with the possible exception of Bismarck or the two emperors, has had so much power as Springer."

According to intelligence officials, the covert financing of Springer and other German journalists after the war was rationalized as one way to counter neo-Nazi and rightist elements in Germany. At the time, Springer was known as a liberal, internationalist publisher who called for nuclear disarmament and détente with the Soviet Union. In the words of one former high-level C.I.A. official who still defends the covert funding: "This has to be taken in context. Springer was a liberal at the time and we wanted to counteract Nazis and other right wingers of the country. We simply wanted to educate the German people in American values and democratic principles."

But Springer's political philosophy began to change in the late 1950s, and his newspapers became known for reflecting his strident nationalist and anti-Communist views. Springer reportedly became even more of a hard-line conservative after a trip to Moscow in 1958, during which he tried unsuccessfully to convince Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to open talks on the subject of reunifying West and East Germany. One former C.I.A. official also suggests that as Springer gained more power and influence, he may have simply changed his views and become more like other rich and powerful people in Germany.

In any case, by the late 1960s Springer was at the height of his power and espoused his most conservative views. His daily newspapers accounted for between 30 and 40 percent of Germany's daily circulation and his Sunday newspapers accounted for more than 80 percent of Sunday readership. It was then he launched an aggressive editorial campaign against the German left, calling for police suppression of student demonstrations. After the death of a student during a demonstration in Berlin in June 1967, a large segment of Germany blamed him for the violence. In the spring of 1968, German students demonstrated in Hamburg, Berlin and Munich against Springer's media empire and stormed the offices and printing presses of some of his newspapers.

By then, Springer's virulent rhetoric and extremism had begun to concern even some of his original C.I.A. sponsors. Says one former high-level official: "There was the feeling of a number of people in the agency that we acted like Dr. Frankenstein in that we had in the long run helped create something that served neither American interests nor West German ones." But Springer had to be tolerated because, as another former intelligence official explains, "he became too powerful a figure for us to tell him what to do." So powerful, in fact, that it would have been more of an embarrassment to the United States than to Springer if the covert operation was exposed.

Moreover, the intelligence operative goes on, "the covert action people were the ones who ran the operation concerning him, and in times of extreme need he was usually cooperative in being used as a propaganda asset." One such time, according to intelligence sources, was when the agency asked Springer to attack Soviet plans to build gasoline pipelines through West Germany and Italy. "There was an obsession in the C.I.A. at that time to do anything to fight rapprochement between the Soviet Union and the Western European countries. As long as Springer helped us in that area we were able to overlook his other transgressions."

*When contacted by *The Nation*, a Springer aide denied that there had ever been any connection between Springer and the C.I.A. A spokeswoman for the C.I.A. said that the agency's policy is not to comment on any allegations.

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All in all, this secret history tells quite a story about how the United States at bottom regards the freedom of the press and the interplay of political ideas in a democracy. It is merely one more piece in the cold war puzzle, but it emphasizes the importance of insisting that this Administration give us assurances that such practices—including the covert funding of Axel Springer—are not continuing today. MURRAY WAAS

Murray Waas is an investigative reporter who writes frequently on intelligence matters.

ABC's Old News

On June 3, ABC News marked the tenth anniversary of the death of J. Edgar Hoover with an hour-long documentary that was remarkable on a number of counts.

From this program, which never would have been aired while he was alive and a media sacred cow, millions of television viewers learned—many probably for the first time—that, as ABC correspondent Marshall Frady concluded, "what happened with Hoover is a troubling parable of how the guardians of our safety can come to most endanger our freedoms." Hoover was shown to have used secret police powers to further his own ambitions; to have misled Congress and the Warren Commission; to have falsified evidence and official reports; and to have orchestrated a massive campaign, as Frady put it, "conducted through illegal surveillance, burglaries, harassment, political sabotage and directed—the best authorities say—against many thousands of innocent citizens."

Now for the bad news. The week before, ABC put out a press release emphasizing that its investigation of Hoover's career had "uncovered new information about the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg espionage case"; that it obtained evidence about their guilt "never made public" from Robert Lamphere, "the FBI official in charge of KGB espionage cases in the 1940s and 1950s"; and that "secret KGB messages intercepted by American intelligence confirmed to the U.S. government that the Rosenbergs were guilty of leaking U.S. atomic secrets to the Soviet Union." ABC added that its documentary "reveals for the first time through an identified source that the decoded KGB messages gave the government convincing evidence of the guilt of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. The couple, along with some 200 [!] Soviet spies, was apprehended after a code expert in the old Army Security Agency cracked the highly secret Soviet spy codes in 1948." The press release reports that the code expert had worked "with charred remains of a Soviet code book found on a World War II Finnish battlefield." This startling "new evidence," according to the release, was withheld at the Rosenberg's trial "to prevent the Soviets from discovering that American experts had broken the KGB code."

On the basis of the release and an interview with ABC's Patricia Lynch, investigative reporter for the program, *The New York Times* ran a three-column story on May 27 saying: "A former official of the Federal Bureau of Investigation has asserted that the United States broke Soviet spy codes in the 1940s and that this led to knowledge of the involvement of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in an atomic espionage conspiracy, ABC News said yesterday." Lynch was quoted as saying that Lamphere "had finally gotten clearance" on a book he had been trying to get approval for since 1977, and that the surprising revelations about the cracking of the Soviet code had been told to ABC by "intelligence and Justice Department sources whom she declined to name."

This story—proclaimed by ABC as a scoop containing information never before made public—is in fact at least five years old, and was first reported and attributed to Robert Lamphere in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington on October 27, 1977 (see *The New York Times*, October 28, 1977). *Newsweek* devoted a full page to the story under a picture of the Rosenbergs and the headline "Cracking the Soviet Cipher," in its issue of May 19, 1980. And in his 1980 book, *Wilderness of Mirrors*, David C. Martin told the story with embellishments, omitting only the name of Lamphere (whom Martin later identified as the source).

As for the program itself, its "documentation" for the startling assertions about how the Rosenbergs' guilt was established is offered to the viewer as follows: (*1*) an old film clip is shown of an otherwise unidentified Army security agency building outside Washington; (*2*) the camera moves across the text of a book containing rows of numbers (not otherwise identified) while Marshall Frady explains that "raw data like this" is what enabled a U.S. code expert to crack the Soviet spy code; and (*3*) Robert Lamphere appears on camera to say that "there can be no question about their guilt" because the F.B.I. knew "of the Rosenbergs' involvement with the Soviets through KGB messages, through the testimony of numerous people."

Although Patricia Lynch is quoted in *The Times* as saying that unidentified intelligence and Justice Department sources corroborated Lamphere's story, Justice Department attorney David Glass advised U.S. District Court Judge June Green in Washington on June 1 that it had never released any such material on the Rosenbergs to Lamphere—and, if it had, it would also have had to go to Marshall Perlin, the lawyer for the Rosenberg children. Perlin has told me that in none of the material he has received from any government agency has he ever seen anything hinting at a connection between the Rosenbergs and Soviet code books, broken or otherwise.

Lamphere appears to be ABC's only source, and his information is sparse indeed. As evidence—offered for the first time thirty-one years after the Rosenbergs' trial, twenty-nine years after their execution—what ABC is flaunting does not add up to much. Can it be that although J. Edgar is dead, his dirty tricks department lives on in the media?

WILLIAM A. REUBEN

William A. Reuben is author of The Atom Spy Hoax *and* The Honorable Mr. Nixon *and is at work on a book about Whittaker Chambers, the F.B.I. and the cold war years.*

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CALVIN TRILLIN

No, I am not one of those fickle bleeding hearts who take up the cause of some oppressed or needy person for a while and then lose interest when a more dashing wreck comes along. A year after I first discussed his case in these pages—a year after I identified him as the citizen Ronald Reagan might have had in mind when he used the phrase "truly needy"—I am still concerned about Philip Caldwell, the chairman of the Ford Motor Company, who in 1980 got no incentive bonus at all.

Don't think I've lacked opportunities to move along to the next cause. The pressure has been particularly strong from a politically intense acquaintance of mine who is known as Harold the Committed. A couple of months ago, for instance, Harold the Committed told me that I seemed insufficiently concerned about the prospect of nuclear annihilation.

"I've got other fish to fry, Harold," I said.

"I don't believe you understand the gravity of the situation," Harold the Committed said. "Man now has the capacity to destroy himself and all future generations as well."

"Not if he works for Ford he doesn't," I said. "They don't seem to have a capacity for much of anything over there except losing money, Harold. They lost a billion and a half in 1980, and they took it out on Phil Caldwell. I really think you'd have a lot more to worry about if the Japanese got into the nuclear bomb business: They could probably make one that would have a real good chance of going off when they pressed the button."

Of course, Harold the Committed had considered it a bit quirky of me to take up Philip Caldwell's case in the first place. Even last year, though, I knew that Ronald Reagan must have had some corporation executive in mind when he talked about people who are truly needy, because he tends to talk about corporation executives whenever the conversation turns to suffering. When he tells those stories about some can-do American corporate manager being harassed by petty bureaucrats from OSHA and the Fair Employment Practices Commission and the district attorney's office, I always have a vision of a fine running back being gang-tackled by a horde of midgets.

I learned of the Caldwell case a year ago through *Business Week*'s annual survey of executive compensation, always a good guide to the plight of the oppressed. Yes, it was clear from the figures in the survey that even without an incentive bonus Caldwell made $400,000 in 1980. Yes, I know now that if he was let in on some of the tax shelters that William French Smith, the Attorney General, knows about—one of those oil deals where any drilling done between Lafayette and Lake Charles entitles you to write off the cost of the Louisiana Purchase—he got to keep about $425,000 of that. Yes, I do sometimes wonder if all of those welfare chiselers the President is always talking about would offend him less if they simply sheltered their relief checks and depreciated their government surplus cheese.

Still, I couldn't help being concerned about Phil Caldwell—out there in Detroit with no incentive bonus. I could see him getting home from the office after a long day and having his wife say, as she handed him his martini, "Phil, little Johnny came home from school crying today. The other little boys told him that his daddy didn't have any incentive."

Naturally, I was a bit anxious this spring as I waited for *Business Week*'s survey of executive compensation for 1981 to appear on the stands. I wondered how things had gone for Phil Caldwell, given the recession and unemployment and the unfortunate matter of Ford's having lost another billion. The headline *Business Week* put on the survey gave some reason to believe that Caldwell's lot had improved: "No Sign of Recession in Pay at the Top." Executive compensation had gone up almost 16 percent in 1981, *Business Week* said, and a lot of executives were raking in a new goody called "incentive stock options." By the terms of the Reagan tax law, the taxes on the profits from an "incentive stock option" can be deferred and then paid at the capital gains rate of 20 percent—the sort of deal, it seems to me, that might summon up some incentive in a petty bureaucrat. *Business Week* listed twenty-five executives who managed to make more than $1.5 million in 1981 despite all the bureaucrats pulling on their coattails and gnawing at their ankles. One of them, the executive vice president for operations of Schlumberger, walked away with $5,658,000 even though the company he works for sounded to me like some sort of sausage factory.

I turned to the automotive section. The first thing I noticed was that Philip Caldwell got a raise in base salary to $440,000 last year—which, I'll admit, isn't really bad, particularly if he spent part of the year cozying up to William French Smith so he could get in on some of the Depreciator General's tax shelters. I suppose they had to give him a raise in base salary. How else would they reward him for the effort he has made persuading the workers to take what amounts to a pay cut? I looked at the incentive bonus column. In 1981, Philip Caldwell received no incentive bonus.

Just then, Harold the Committed dropped by to see if I would help him gather names for a petition against cuts in social services for the elderly.

"I still have this case in Detroit, Hal the C," I said. "Philip Caldwell got no incentive bonus at all for 1981, even though I have every reason to believe he was going flat-out all year long."

"But Caldwell made $440,000 last year," Harold the Committed said.

"Think of how he must feel when he reads that some guy made five and a half million for turning out bratwurst," I said. "What if he loses his incentive altogether? After all, what separates people like Phil Caldwell from welfare chiselers and petty bureaucrats is incentive—that and the 440 grand."

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ARTICLES.

CYPRUS, TORN AND OCCUPIED

The Island Pawn That Won't Go Away

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

At the end of the last world war it was agreed among the European powers that, whatever else they might do, they would no longer accept the alteration of *their* territorial boundaries by force. That rule has since been broken only once—in Cyprus. At about the same time, European countries began haltingly to renounce colonization as a political or a military stratagem. That tendency has been reversed only once—in Cyprus. Other nations with foreign military bases on their soil have been accorded the right to alter or to abrogate the treaties that placed them there. Not Cyprus. Since 1945 no European nation has endured an anticolonial revolutionary war, a near civil war, a military coup and a foreign invasion and occupation. Except Cyprus. Which European country is now suffering a de facto partition, opposed by more than 80 percent of its native population, despite resolutions to the contrary passed by every international forum? Cyprus. In which European country are almost 2,000 citizens "missing," many of them known to have been taken prisoner by a NATO force using American weapons? Cyprus.

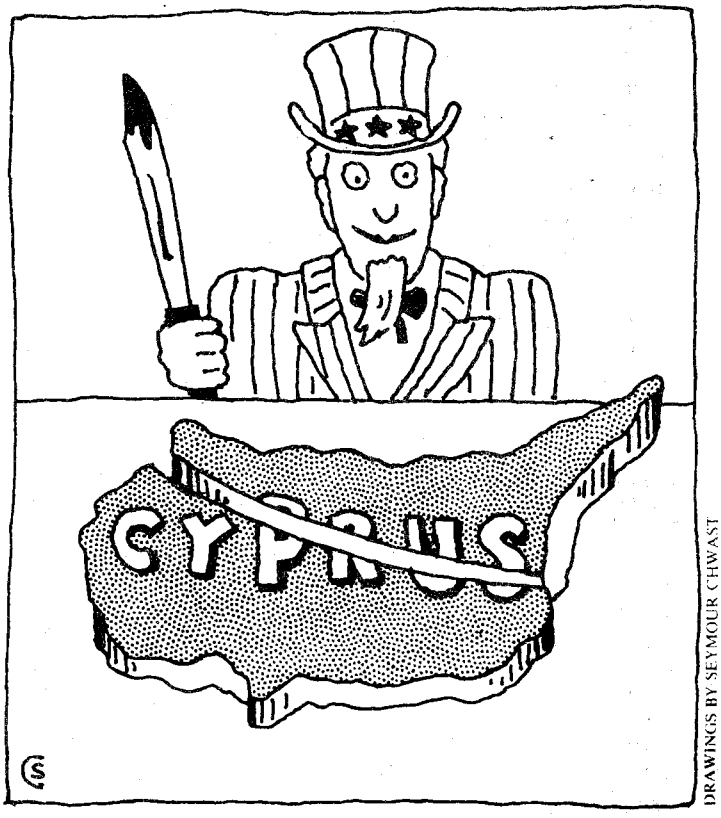
If the above is not enough to get your attention, don't read on. You can always console yourself with Henry Kissinger's emollience, exemplified by the casual remark in his recent *Years of Upheaval*: "The primeval hatreds of Greeks and Turks flared again on Cyprus." These, of course, like other manifestations of lesser peoples, are beyond the power of the rational person to compute, let alone to resolve. But the stubborn fact is that Cyprus is a larger issue than it may appear, and (how often has one written these words?) it is an issue on which the United States has contrived to get itself on the wrong side.

On the wrong side *twice*, as it happens. First, when Andreas Papandreou was an exile politician, reviled and persecuted by a pro-American military junta in Greece, the United States supported the junta's use of force to end the nuisance of Cypriot independence; that managed to antagonize Bülent Ecevit, the semidemocratic Prime Minister of Turkey, who retaliated by letting his generals have a free hand in invading Cyprus. And then when Papandreou became Prime Minister of Greece and Ecevit was imprisoned by the same generals he unleashed, the United States tilted its policy to favor Turkey and the Turkish partition of the island. Both times it has been Cyprus, torn and occupied, which has suffered. Kissinger notwithstanding, there are few in any of the three countries who do not suspect that there is a bias against democracy, and a bias against self-determination, at work somewhere.

A touch of history is essential. Cyprus was a British colony, a springboard to Suez and Iraq and Palestine, until guerrilla warfare compelled the reluctant grant of independence in 1960. That independence was conceded on the theoretical condition that Greece and Turkey keep their hands off the island, and on the actual condition that the Cypriots allow ninety-nine square miles of their territory to be used permanently as British bases. Of the many qualifications attached, the most inhibiting was the right of Turkey to veto any political development on the island in the name of the Turkish-speaking minority who make up 18 percent of Cyprus's population. This concession subsequently led to intercommunal friction and violence (which, *pace* Kissinger, had not been a feature of life on the island until the British colonists employed it as a means of divide and rule).

The United States, which took the view that Cyprus under the "nonaligned" presidency of Archbishop Makarios was menacingly neutral, sought from the first to have the island partitioned. In theory, therefore, the United States was even-handed in its relations with Greece and Turkey. Dean Acheson, when he proposed partition in 1964, offered military bases and generous slices of territory to both NATO allies. When Cyprus repudiated the plan, which would have abolished the first period of independence it had ever known, Makarios became labeled, in the vulgar parlance of the time, "the cassocked Castro of the Mediterranean."

Nor had the Archbishop long to wait for the "destabiliza-



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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tion" that went with this policy. In April 1967, when a fascist junta took power in Greece to forestall elections that were going the wrong way, it was Andreas Papandreou and Mikis Theodorakis, among others, who warned that Cyprus would be the junta's next objective. The junta placed rightist officers in key positions on the island; it built up a clientele of terrorists and informers; it bought up newspapers and politicians; it made two unsuccessful attempts on Makarios's life. At last, in 1974, it went for an all-out military *putsch.* It's been shown exhaustively (and most vividly by Laurence Stern in his book, *The Wrong Horse*) that the Nixon Administration knew at a minimum that the coup was impending and chose to do nothing about it.

The rest is history, as they say, and a very dismal history, too. After the coup, the Turkish Army seized a long-cherished opportunity and proved, by its speed and ruthlessness, that this was a moment for which it had long rehearsed. By an adroit (if hasty) maneuver involving a midstream switch of horses, Kissinger sided with the Turks and welcomed the partition he had wanted all along. The junta in Athens did not survive the failure of its adventure. But it was the Cypriots, one third of them now refugees in their own country, who paid the real price for the restoration of democracy in Greece. However casual, any visitor to the island can witness that they are sensitive on that point.

Since 1974, the Turkish military occupation has been the dominant fact of Cyprus. From east to west, the island is divided as sharply as Berlin, with 39 percent of the territory, about 20 percent of the population and 65 percent of the producing economy in Turkish hands. All Greek-speaking people have been expelled from the north. Unlike the Berlin Wall or the Jordan River, the border in Cyprus may not be crossed for any reason by a Cypriot citizen.

The Turkish generals claim that the occupation guarantees the "security" of the Turkish minority; they also insist that what they have done is negotiable. But their actual, observable policy shows there is much more to it than that. In the north, every evidence of Greek Cypriot presence, from road signs to place names to churches, is being deliberately eradicated. The Turkish-imposed regime keeps mainland Turkish time (one hour different) and circulates mainland Turkish currency (almost worthless). To make up for the labor shortage caused by expulsion and eviction, settlers have been shipped in from Turkish Anatolia (causing a certain resentment among native Turkish Cypriots). This is the "creation of facts" with a vengeance.

The Greeks are well aware that Turkish Cypriots were not very much at home during the brief period of independence and majority rule. They have offered to allow peacekeeping troops from any other countries, including Islamic ones if the Turks wish it, for as long as the minority feels insecure. The Turks' refusal of this suggestion is eloquent. They clearly intend, if they can get away with it, to build a strategic clone in the north. The continued presence of perhaps as many as 30,000 Turkish soldiers (precise figures are not released) makes one wonder if they will be content, in the long term, even with that.

Until recently, Greece had other things to worry about. And the mild conservatives who took over from the junta were naïvely confident that the United States would force Turkey to make at least a cosmetic deal. Yet today, with a grim-faced rightist junta in Turkey and a left-leaning democracy in Greece, Cyprus has returned to plague the clever policy makers who thought they had removed the pawn from the game.

If Andreas Papandreou had not been able to accuse (accurately) the Greek conservatives of being unpatriotic over Cyprus, he might well be leader of the opposition to this day. And if the Turkish Army had not been able to pose (inaccurately) as the liberator of Cyprus, it might have found it harder to replace the enfeebled political authorities in Ankara. If it were not for the Cyprus question, the Greek-Turkish quarrel in the Aegean Sea would be very much less acute. It becomes obvious that Cyprus is a small country but not by that token a small issue.

Papandreou has at least stated the problem clearly and publicly. He argues that Greece has been through a bitter experience at the hands of NATO and the United States. He says that Greece can no longer be taken for granted and that it does not regard the Warsaw Pact nations as its main enemy. The time when Athens could be taken as a cat's-paw of Washington is past. Though Greece is quite prepared to remain in NATO, it is not prepared to harbor nuclear weapons on its soil or to have that soil used as a base for adventures in the Middle East. Papandreou made all these points, very forcibly, on a trip to Cyprus, the first visit of a Greek Prime Minister to the island. And it's vital to bear in mind that, in choosing that locale, he carried almost all *non*-socialist Greek opinion with him as well.

The American Administration seems to have made a choice. When Greece was a military dictatorship, learned strategists insisted that the Sixth Fleet needed Athens and Piraeus more than the Greeks needed elections. Now that Greece is a democracy and Turkey a dictatorship, the talk is all of the Bosporus and the need to retain Turkey as the principal strategic ally. Never mind, then, that Turkey's troops in Cyprus and the Aegean are pointing *away* from Russia or that Turkey's large and costly Aegean fleet is carefully exempted from NATO duties. Military aid, despite the jailing of Ecevit and the ever more obviously permanent martial law, has now reached levels surpassed only by Israel and Egypt, while Cyprus has just been informed by Alexander Haig that he plans to end the $15 million in aid for refugees that it had been receiving since 1974. (It looks as if Congress will resist this cut, but it's clear enough which side the Administration has chosen.)

By modern standards, the Greek Cypriot demands are very modest. They would like occupation troops withdrawn. They would like to be able to visit and live in any part of their country without permission from foreign soldiers. They would like to know what happened to their prisoners of war and they would like to find homes for their refugees. They would like—this is the only really difficult one—to prove that they have learned from the past about the fears

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of the Turkish minority. They have no substantial numbers of troops with which to pursue these desires. But their resistance to partition and occupation has already changed the politics of Greece and Turkey, and their strategic position makes them hard to ignore. If these understatements fail to move the Western powers, there is always the chance that the option of modesty will be discarded. □

'TOO DUMB, TOO BLACK, TOO COSTLY'

Is the Volunteer Army a Failure?

MICHAEL SPECTER

Ever since conscription was abolished in 1973, the all-volunteer force has been blamed for the armed services' persistent personnel problems. The familiar complaints—that the military has become too dumb, too black, too expensive and too small—have all been charged to the volunteer force.

Though the Reagan Administration has repeatedly warned the public that the armed forces will face a growing manpower crisis during the next ten years, 1981 was the most successful recruiting period for the Department of Defense since the first full year of the all-volunteer force. The rate of reenlistment—perhaps the most significant statistic in any analysis of military manpower—was among the highest ever. More than 60 percent of those eligible to leave the service chose to remain.

But the enormous buildup proposed by the Administration would completely transform the armed forces over the next decade, making it much more difficult for the United States to meet its expanded manpower needs solely through volunteers. With an active force strength of 2.1 million soldiers, the military has an adequate supply of personnel at this time. But the Reagan defense policy, which can be described with a single word—MORE—has led a growing number of military manpower analysts to believe that some form of compulsory service will be inevitable by the end of the decade.

Several factors have combined to place the future of a volunteer service in doubt. First, the Reagan Administration is planning for a 600-ship Navy, the expansion of the Air Force and the addition of at least two mechanized divisions for the Army. And the new generation of sophisticated weapons systems now being developed will require more highly trained soldiers.

But the greatest potential problems are suggested by demographic trends. The armed forces would need 250,000 additional soldiers over the next five years to meet the Reagan Administration proposals, but America's youth population is in fact declining. The number of people who reach the initial recruiting age of 18 will fall from 4.3 million per year in 1980 to about 3.6 million per year by 1987. By 1990 the total number of 16- to 24-year-olds will have declined by almost 15 percent from its 1977 peak of 37 million. This means that recruiters who needed to attract a quarter of the eligible pool when the volunteer force was started in 1974 will have to entice a third of the pool in 1992.

"The numerical trends and the potential financial savings will make a draft an attractive prospect pretty soon," said Martin Binkin, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution and the author of several studies on military manpower issues. "If the force is going to grow and the budget pressures remain high, there will be a lot of support for it." Binkin himself does not recommend a return to conscription, because he feels it would not solve current personnel problems, especially the shortage of experienced people. But he does believe that budget-conscious politicians will probably agree with the Congressional Budget Office's 1979 study on military manpower strategy: "As the pool of eligible recruits declines, the costs of maintaining an all-volunteer force will increase in real terms."

The current recruiting boom makes these problems easy to disregard. The present unemployment rate of nearly 10 percent, a postwar record, has helped push Army enlistment well above its recruiting goals. With 10.5 million Americans out of work and the military offering attractive pay and benefits for the first time in almost a decade, such an increase is not surprising. And in cities like Detroit, Boston and Philadelphia, where teen-age unemployment is particularly severe, there have been dramatic recruiting increases over last year.

If the economy improves within the next few years, the Defense Department could face serious obstacles in recruiting the 1,000 or more young men and women it needs each day. But although the President talks of reviving the economy, his Administration has apparently decided to bet the future of the all-volunteer force on continuing high levels of unemployment. In the words of one Senate Armed Services Committee staff member: "As long as the economy continues to offer few alternatives, this policy can work. But if you look at the demographics, and if youth unemployment drops off at all, then it becomes a loaded gun waiting to go off in the face of the volunteer army. The planned expansion will clearly create some problems, and Defense Department people committed to the volunteer force ought to be able to see that."

Indeed, the President's recent decision to go ahead with the prosecution of some of the 527,000 eligible young men who have not registered for the draft has deepened skepticism about the Administration's stated commitment to a volunteer service. And there are clear indications that the Defense Department is well aware of the problems that lie ahead. Secretary of Defense Weinberger, for example, warned in his annual report to Congress that in spite of the successful recruiting in 1981, improvements in the economy over the next few years could create difficulties for the all-volunteer force. And Lawrence J. Korb, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower, Reserve Affairs and Logistics,

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adds, "Our manpower challenge is probably as great right now as any the military force has ever faced."

In any discussion of the merits of compulsory service, those who favor a draft support their arguments by pointing to the "failure" of the all-volunteer force. To contend that the volunteer force has failed, and that therefore the United States must return to a draft, is to confuse the technical issue of deficiencies in the current system with the political issue of whether there ought to be mandatory service.

Those who argue that the United States must reinstitute a draft usually voice three main complaints: the high cost of the all-volunteer force; the low quality of the recruits; and the unrepresentative racial character of the service. It would be foolish to deny these charges: black soldiers, to take one instance, constituted about 19 percent of the new recruits in 1981, though blacks are only 12 percent of the population. (Although critics who point to this figure are usually silent about the extremely small and equally unrepresentative number of women in the service.) But a peacetime draft would not necessarily solve all of these problems, and it would introduce others—and with them hidden costs—that are far more intractable.

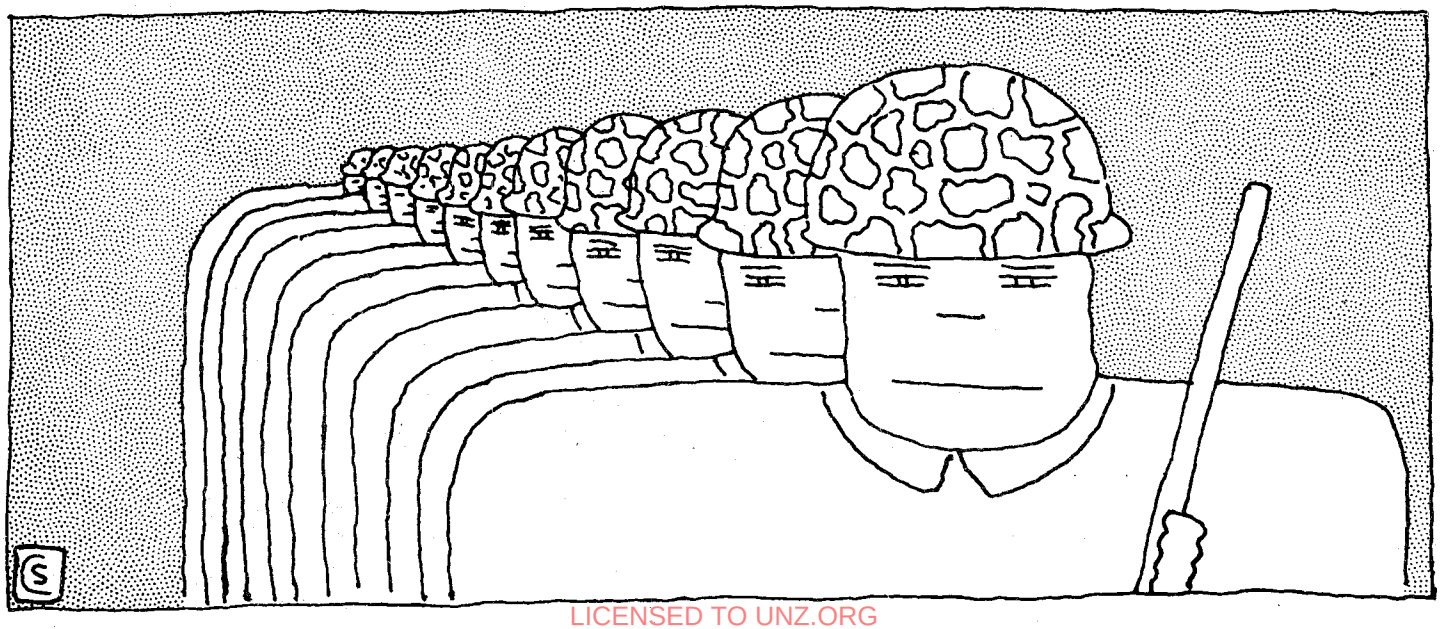
The current costs of military manpower are unquestionably enormous, and as manpower costs grow throughout the rest of our society, they will also increase. In fiscal year 1983 the nation will spend more than $60 billion in salaries and pensions for current and retired military personnel. According to the Congressional Budget Office, about 35 percent of the 1982 defense budget goes for pay, allowances, retirement benefits and housing costs of civilian and military employees.

The Budget Office also argues that while the savings from a return to conscription might not amount to much at first, a draft system would allow Congress to cut salaries and eliminate many of the bonuses that have been needed to attract people to military service. It estimates that—notwithstanding the additional costs of a higher turnover within the service and the increased training and travel expenses associated with a draft—savings could easily exceed $1 billion a year. If the salaries of enlistees were reduced substantially, the savings on 400,000 enlistees each year under a compulsory system could reach $5 billion.

But, although it is unclear that the true savings from a draft would be that large, it would be wrong to measure the costs of compulsory service in dollars alone. "Any universal military service would do more to degrade readiness in the Department of Defense than the current system ever could," says Gary R. Nelson, a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense who specialized in manpower planning. "The more one spells out the draft option the less attractive it becomes. With conscription you would end up with more turnover, less experience in a force that badly needs trained soldiers, and problems related to life styles that the military has largely avoided. Also, any conscription program would take a fraction of the eligible people because we could not possibly afford to conscript more than 100,000 people each year."

A draft that is selective in that way rather than comprehensive will never placate those who argue that the service is not representative enough. But to introduce a universal system would be enormously expensive, and what the country would get for that money is not what the military needs. Draft advocates often argue that our soldiers are too dumb to operate the sophisticated weapons now being designed. But in any future conflict, the average level of intelligence within the service would decrease rapidly as the military was forced to become less rather than more selective. Instead of maligning American soldiers for their inability to operate needlessly complex weapons, critics might better ask why, at present, the soldiers' capacities are not considered when the weapons are designed.

Quality standards recently enacted by Congress in response to the fact that for the first time the Army is accepting only high-school graduates will give the Pentagon some problems in the future, particularly with respect to management flexibility and the ability to meet manpower requirements. But high-school graduates are preferable—not



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because they are necessarily smarter but because they are far more likely to complete their terms of service. What the military needs more than money or elaborate new technology is a core of well-trained soldiers, and the more complex weapons systems become the more time it takes to learn how to use them. It is a myth that intelligence is more important than training when it comes to operating new weapons systems. Moreover, it makes little sense to draft college graduates for two years, only to have them leave the service after they learn how to be useful. For this reason, the military would do far better with volunteers who might be willing to stay and put their training to use.

No peacetime draft can enhance our national security. If the Reagan Administration insists on bolstering a military that already has the capacity to defend this country and destroy any other, it should not be allowed to use war hysteria to do it. □

INSIDE THE CHRISTIAN MINISTATE

A Portrait of 'Free Lebanon'

As we go to press, Israeli troops are poised on the outskirts of Beirut. Their objectives, beyond containing the Palestinian threat, may well include the re-establishment of a working alliance with the Christian Phalangists in Lebanon and the ultimate creation of a Phalangist state tied to Israel. What follows is a report on the Phalangist ministate and the growing movement in support of such a future Lebanon. —The Editors

ROBERT FRIEDMAN

Early last November in East Beirut, for the first time in the history of the Phalangist Party, its perdurable 82-year-old founder, Pierre Gemayel, was shouted down during a weekly command council meeting. After his speech about the need for Christians to coexist with a limited Syrian presence and the Palestine Liberation Organization in a reunified Lebanon, a woman rose and declared the time had passed for formulas and compromises: "We want a Christian state!" she shouted. Then, one after another, more than three dozen Phalangists publicly broke ranks with Gemayel over the issue of partition. He left the meeting in a state of shock.

A few days later, at a secret meeting in East Beirut, several mid-level Phalangist officers and Christian intellectuals concluded that their future lies in the creation of a Christian state aligned with Israel.

This grass-roots sentiment for an Israeli-backed Christian state, shared by much of the younger generation of Phalangists, has spread to many in the 1-million-strong Christian ministate established in western Lebanon in the wake of the 1975 civil war and now known among the Phalangists as "Free Lebanon." It has inevitably created a conflict with many of the older generation of Christian leaders like Gemayel, who are officially seeking a reunification of Lebanon in which Christians would share broad political powers with moderate Moslems, much as they did before the civil war.

The Phalangist old guard is more interested in maintaining its lucrative economic ties to the Arab world than in creating an Israeli-backed state, which would certainly be ostracized by the Arabs. These leaders are the scions of families that became enormously wealthy acting as middlemen between Europe and the Middle East during the early part of this century, when with French assistance they established a huge banking empire and a prosperous service economy centered in Beirut. So although the Phalangists have been dependent on Israel for heavy weapons and advanced military training since 1976, they bowed to Saudi Arabia's threat to liquidate extensive Christian business interests in the Persian Gulf and last July signed a document with Syria declaring a break with Israel. Since then they have also maintained an uneasy cease-fire with Syria's 30,000-strong "peacekeeping" force, which originally entered Lebanon at the behest of the beleaguered Christians in June 1976 but shortly thereafter sided with the Moslem factions and has intermittently battled Phalangist forces. And in the past few months, the Phalangists have resisted Israeli inducements to join in a major military strike against the P.L.O., such as the one Israel finally unleashed last week. (Although, as a Phalangist spokesman in Washington, D.C., told *The New York Times* recently, they will take advantage of any change in the region brought about by Israeli intervention.)

The younger generation of Phalangists, however—led by 34-year-old militia chief Bachir Gemayel, younger son of Pierre Gemayel—has less at stake in the Gulf and adamantly opposes the Syrian and Palestinian presence in Lebanon, viewing Israel as a friend and protector. Should they supplant their elders, the stage would be set for the creation of a strong right-wing Christian state aligned with Israel, an event that would herald the end of the P.L.O.'s presence in Lebanon and upset the balance of power in the region.

But for now, the older generation of Phalangist leaders, although beset by bitter internal rivalries, dominates not only the politics but the thriving economy and the Maronite Catholic society of Free Lebanon, which comprises about 20 percent of the countryside of what once was Lebanon.

Economic ties to the Arab world are not the only reason this ostentatious elite resists an Israeli-backed Christian state. Early Fascist associations and Jesuit schooling also play a part, as with Pierre Gemayel himself.

Gemayel openly admits to having been "immensely impressed" by his contacts with the burgeoning Fascist movement in the 1930s. Describing his visits in 1936 to Italy and Germany, he said that he saw "well-organized, hard-working, disciplined youth toiling to build a dynamic, well-ordered society. I wanted to create an organization in Lebanon that could instill the same kind of civic and moral

Robert Friedman, an American writer who has spent five years in the Middle East, recently visited Lebanon.

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courage I saw the Italians and Germans developing in their youngsters." This, he said during an interview at his East Beirut office last November, was his inspiration when he created the paramilitary Phalange in 1936.

The Phalangist elders have also been heavily influenced by their education at St. Joseph's Jesuit University in East Beirut, a bastion of the Francophile Maronite community. Its rector, John Ducruet, has left his imprint on three generations of Christian leaders. This Jesuit Svengali, as he is sometimes called, is violently anti-Semitic and anti-Israeli, and supports the idea of Lebanon as a military-technocratic state tied closely to the Arab world. "Ducruet is the most important man in Gemayel's life," said a Phalangist who knows them both. "He controls Pierre like a puppet."

Even though the Phalangists have thus resisted an alliance with Israel, the Free Lebanese are demonstratively pro-Israel. The walls of East Beirut's buildings—including the militia barracks—are covered with pro-Israeli slogans in French and Arabic.

It was Bachir Gemayel—called by his men "al-Bash," Turkish for "chief"—who forged the military link with Israel, sending hundreds of his officers to Haifa and the Negev for advanced training during the early stages of the civil war. Bachir himself has reportedly visited Israel several times. His Israeli-trained officer corps is very sympathetic to Israel; when I visited Lebanon recently, many of them asked me to send them books about the history of Zionism and the Jewish state. Christian troops, however, have not trained in the Jewish state since the break in ties after the document-signing last July, and arms shipments from Israel, estimated to have been worth more than $100 million in 1980, have been stopped. The deputy commander of the Phalangists' 22,000-man militia, Charles Ghossine, admitted during an interview last November that they have been in desperate need of military equipment since breaking ties with Israel.

For now, Bachir seems to be playing down his ties with Israel, perhaps to avoid upsetting a Saudi Arabian diplomatic initiative that is aimed at moderating Syria's hard-line position on Lebanon. (This was reportedly the advice given to him by none other than Alexander Haig during their private meeting in Washington last fall.) But it is reasonable to assume that if his father's generation fails to deliver, he could jump back into the Israeli camp. As one of his friends told me: "No one knows which way Bachir Gemayel is going."

Meanwhile, Pierre Gemayel has increasingly relied on his eldest son, 41-year-old Phalangist parliamentarian Amin Gemayel, to serve as a counterbalance to Bachir. Amin commands a ragtag private army of about 1,000 men outside the authority of his brother's militia. It controls a tiny enclave in the mountains east of Jounieh and has nearly come to blows with the better-armed and better-disciplined Phalangist militia. "Bachir would love to wipe them out," said a Phalangist officer. "If it was anybody but his brother he would."

Amin, with his father's approval, has held private talks with the P.L.O. Amin told the Palestinians they could continue to use parts of Lebanon for anti-Israeli activities if they agreed not to participate in Lebanese politics. But according to Amin, this attempt at rapprochement broke down when Abu Iyad, the P.L.O.'s number-two man, was pressured by the Syrians in the middle of the talks. (Similarly, Walid Jumblatt, the leader of the leftist Lebanese National Movement, was reportedly threatened last year by the Syrians when they learned he had been secretly negotiating with the Phalangists.)

In this, the Syrians are carrying out their long-standing aim of dominating a country that was once part of a Greater Syria by discouraging dialogue and maintaining the balance of terror. Fearing a radical leftist Lebanon on their western flank as much as an Israeli-backed Christian state, the Syrians are satisfied with political paralysis in Lebanon for the moment. They are not displeased with the fact that 70 percent of the P.L.O.'s forces in Lebanon are tied down by the Christian militia.

Moves toward conciliation with the P.L.O. and the Lebanese left are also violently opposed by two small but powerful extremist factions in the Maronite camp, the rabidly racist Tanzim and Guardian of the Cedars parties, which advocate liquidating the Palestinian presence in Lebanon and creating a separate Christian state. The policies of these Christian "rejectionists"—like those of their counterparts in the P.L.O.—have great emotional appeal, particularly among the Maronite monastic orders and the Maronite patriarchy, both wealthy landholding institutions.

Despite the political differences over tactics and goals, the Phalangists' control of Free Lebanon is now virtually complete. As with everything else in Lebanon, it was not accomplished without bloodshed.

On July 7, 1980, a faction led by Bachir Gemayel ruthlessly attacked some dissident Christian militias. The action was directed mainly against former President Camille Chamoun's militia, the Tigers, an undisciplined band often blamed for arbitrarily initiating gun battles with Palestinians and Syrians. Bachir's forces invaded Chamounist headquarters in East Beirut, and within a day the Chamounists collapsed, leaving as many as 300 dead, according to a *New York Times* report. Chamoun's son Dany, the Tiger's chieftain, was captured during the operation and held at a marina where scores of his wealthy supporters were tortured, drowned, shot and hacked to death. Many bodies had their sex organs mutilated. One captured Tiger, a former Chamounist told me, was blown apart with a stick of dynamite shoved down his throat. Dany himself was spared but subsequently resigned from the Tigers and went to live in France.

Most Christians backed Bachir's operation. Chamoun, extremely popular after he called in the U.S. Marines to put down a Nasserite coup in 1958, lost much of his support during the civil war. One story making the rounds in East Beirut says that as the Palestinians encircled his home town of Damour in 1976, Chamoun actually sold bullets to his neighbors. More than 500 Christians were massacred by the triumphant Palestinians, and many Maronites still blame Chamoun for the tragedy. "Chamoun is the summit of cor-

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ruption," a Phalangist official said contemptuously. "We have to pay him $250,000 a month to keep him and his men from defecting to the Syrians."

Bachir Gemayel's victorious militias, subsequently consolidated as the Lebanese Forces, today control the bulk of Free Lebanon's protection rackets and vice trade, parceling out a percentage of the profits to the smaller Christian militias. Their income comes from the estimated $1 billion to $3 billion a year hashish trade, "taxes" on most of the goods coming in or going out of Free Lebanon's seven ports and "income taxes" levied on the population—up to 20 percent in the case of big businessmen.

Still another personal rivalry disrupting Christian accord exists between Pierre Gemayel and the Maronite warlord, former President Suleiman Franjieh. The rivalry exploded on July 13, 1978, when Gemayel's Phalangist commandos stormed Franjieh's mountaintop stronghold. Franjieh's eldest son, Tony, was forced to watch while his wife and 2-year-old daughter were tortured and then shot in the head, before he himself was murdered. Franjieh, emotionally broken, cut himself off entirely from Free Lebanon and moved to the northern Lebanese city of Tripoli, where he and his militia have established a working alliance with the Syrians.

The elimination of dissident elements, together with a new computerized check-point system, has vastly improved security in Free Lebanon, making it much harder for the P.L.O., for example, to take advantage of internal cleavages and infiltrate Christian neighborhoods, as it has in the past. "Business is reviving with better security," said an entrepreneur in East Beirut with strong Phalangist sympathies. "I know I sound like Mussolini, but the beautiful thing about the war is that it has shown our young men can do more than play pinball."

In fact, Free Lebanon is thriving. The 200,000 Lebanese Christians who fled the war and now work abroad send an estimated $100 million each month to relatives there. The rigid banking secrecy laws still bring in large foreign deposits, and the Lebanese Forces also receive sizable but undetermined sums of money from Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

Although wide swaths of East Beirut look like Berlin after World War II, many Free Lebanese are enthusiastic about the future. Said a hotelier who is rebuilding in East Beirut, "My friends from Europe tell me I'm crazy putting my money into a front-line hotel. I say to hell with it. It's my country. Westerners think Beirut is dead. I'm working very hard to prove it's not!"

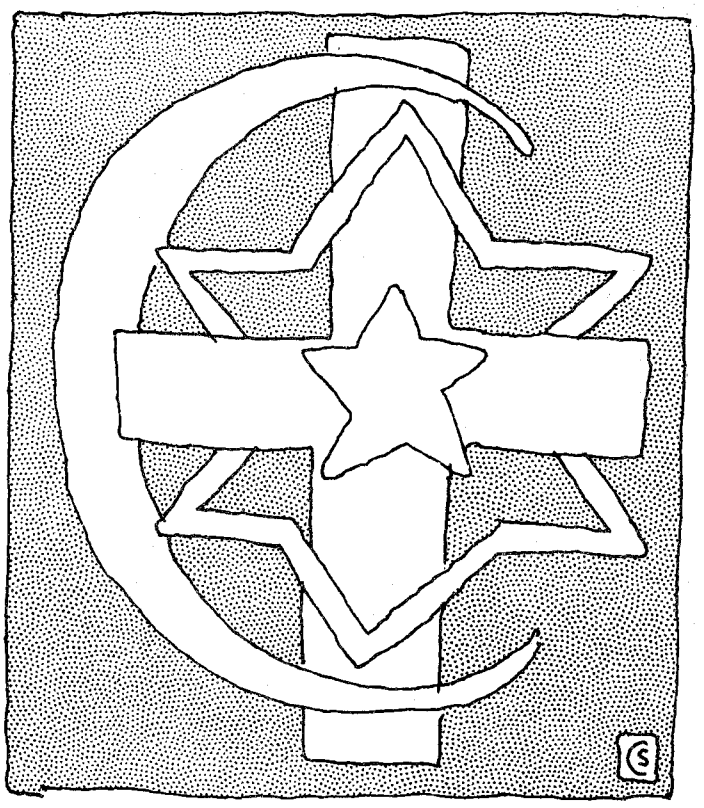
Meanwhile, real estate prices are skyrocketing. High-rise apartment and office buildings are sprouting amid the ruins. Since the civil war, twenty-seven tourist complexes worth about $3 billion in all—featuring ultramodern duplex apartments, Olympic-sized swimming pools and marinas—have been built in the thirty miles between Jounieh Bay, north of Beirut, and Free Lebanon's northern border near the town of Tripoli. "The duplexes are being gobbled up while they're still relatively cheap," said a Lebanese hotel owner. "Once there is real peace, the prices will soar out of sight." Building space is currently selling at $1,555 per square meter.

Inland resorts replete with Las Vegas-style casinos and discos glitter from Phalangist-controlled mountaintops. Violence is close—but the patrons in their latest French fashions don't seem to mind. "The thing that makes us forget the war is that we're working so hard and making so much money," said a Christian film maker as he cut into an imported steak at a dimly lit mountain bistro.

Not all Christians share in Free Lebanon's wealth. Thousands of poor families live on East Beirut's shell-pocked demarcation line. They are tired of the aging Phalangist leaders, who they believe no longer have the resolve to defeat the Moslems. Traumatized by a lingering war they feel could end with their submersion in the oceans of Islam, these Maronites are beginning to look to Bachir Gemayel to step out of his father's shadow and lead them in triumph to some form of Christian statehood.

But neither of the two paths that Bachir or his father seem willing to follow holds much hope for a peaceful solution. If the Phalangists hold fast to their demands for a reunification of Lebanon that would guarantee them political supremacy over the Moslems, the Moslem majority would certainly continue to reject the formula and continue the conflict. If they push for partition, this too would be resisted by the Lebanese Moslems as well as by the Syrians, with the support of the Arab world.

Only Israel favors the partition plan, which in fact was advocated by David Ben-Gurion as far back as 1954. In a series of letters he wrote to Moshe Sharett, then Foreign Minister (published in *Davar* in 1971), Ben-Gurion said that the time was ripe for Israel to help create a Christian state,



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something that could not be accomplished "without our initiative and effective assistance." He added that this was the "principal task, or at least one of the principal tasks of our foreign policy."

According to Sharett, Moshe Dayan devised a way to implement Ben-Gurion's plan. Sharett recorded in his diary in 1955 that Dayan told him, "The only thing that's necessary is to find a Lebanese officer, even a major will do. We will win his heart or buy him with money to get him to agree to declare himself the savior of the Maronite population. . . . [Then] the Israeli army will enter Lebanon, occupy the necessary territory and create a Christian regime that will ally itself with Israel. The territory of the Litani southward will be totally annexed to Israel."

Sharett, who was not altogether opposed to Ben-Gurion's plan, wrote him that Israeli interference in Lebanon's domestic affairs would lead to its annexation by Syria. He was prescient—that in fact is what happened: Lebanon was occupied almost entirely by Syria and the P.L.O. With the new Israeli invasion, however, it is Moshe Dayan who looks to be more prescient still. □

MARXISTS UNDER ATTACK

The Penalty of Having Politics

ALAN WOLFE

The highest form of politics in America is no politics. There seems to be a national consensus to the effect that controversy and deeply held feelings are at best rude and impolite intrusions into the pleasantries of social harmony. Anyone who feels passionately about something, whether reactionary or radical, has surely felt frustrated in a society which can afford to pretend that nothing really matters.

Recently the Reagan Administration withdrew the appointment of career Foreign Service officer Morton I. Abramowitz as ambassador to Indonesia. His crime, evidently, was not only the positions he had taken but the fact that he had taken positions at all. "He has been involved in some controversial policies," a White House official said, "so the concern with him is not altogether illegitimate."

At corporate enclaves like ABC News there is an explicit ban on politics. "The long-standing policy of ABC News prohibits its employees who cover news assignments, or who make news judgments, from active participation in partisan political campaigns," a company manual reads. Moreover, "correspondents, producers, editors and writers must take particular care to avoid being identified with various sides of controversial issues." The avoidance of politics in our culture is as much a matter of policy as it is a pyschological dispensation.

Universities are hardly immune from the taboo against holding controversial opinions. Just last month Harvard University offered tenured positions to three individuals at other universities, no doubt good scholars all, who have managed to avoid involvement in the passionate debates that have taken place in the field of sociology in recent years. These offers came in the wake of the university's denial of tenure to a young scholar of its own who had not been so circumspect.

Given this sort of attitude in academia, what are we to make of recent charges that our universities are overrun by Marxists? To begin with, they are simply not true. No doubt a number of Marxist scholars have won tenured positions at American universities. But far more have been rejected for the same reasons advanced by ABC News and the White House. In the past few weeks, for example, the University of California at Berkeley rejected Michael Burawoy, a brilliant young sociologist, and Richard Walker, an outstanding geographer, while granting tenure to far less distinguished but also less "controversial" colleagues. The University of California at Santa Cruz, repudiating its activist traditions, turned down Nancy Shaw in sociology and Dudley Burton in environmental planning, both leftists. This kind of rejection is an everyday experience in academia.

Nonetheless, the cry has arisen that higher education in America has been captured by the left. The cover of *U.S. News and World Report* of January 25 promised lurid tales of Marxist subversion of our youth ("Marxism in the U.S. Classroom"), although the story seemed to show respect for the professors examined. Not so *The Wall Street Journal*, which turned its guest column for May 14 over to Arnold Beichman for a confusing discussion of the issue ("Karl Marx Goes to College"). Beichman, a longtime polemicist who taught at the University of Massachusetts in Boston, belongs to the "you can't win" school of neoconservative criticism. If the left does not attack the Soviet Union, according to this way of thinking, it is guilty of heinous popular frontism. If it does attack the Soviet Union, it is guilty of duplicity (since, in Beichman's view, Marxism and Soviet Communism are identical).

Beichman's hatchet job on many of my friends and colleagues was disturbing, but not for the usual reasons. It seems to me that a sincere conservative, neo- or otherwise, would welcome the growth of a Marxist tradition in academia, for both the right and the left have a common complaint against *politesse*. I have watched the development of a strong right-wing tradition in political science and economics in recent years and I view it by and large as a positive development, for the right, compared with the number-crunching center, at least has ideas that can be debated. What is really happening on our campuses is not so much the growth of Marxism but the recognition of the bankruptcy of vacuous empiricism. In places like New York and Massachusetts, the reaction against complacency takes a left-wing form. In the Sun Belt and Washington, D.C., it is

Alan Wolfe, a member of The Nation's *editorial board and a professor of sociology at Queens College, is author of* America's Impasse: The Rise and Fall of the Politics of Growth *(Pantheon).*

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characterized by a shift to the right. Those committed to meaningful academic discourse should welcome both trends.

Beichman's lack of respect for Marxist social science, then, may in fact betray a lack of respect for *any* social science—that is, for any attempt to grapple seriously with ideas. Certainly his article does not take facts or ideas seriously. Frank Barnet, a right-wing military specialist active in Committee on the Present Danger circles, surely deserves an apology for being called a co-founder of the Institute for Policy Studies, for as Barnet himself would be the first to point out, the I.P.S. is a front for the K.G.B. (Beichman was obviously thinking of Richard J. Barnet, a horse of a different color.) Samuel Bowles, an economist, is discussed in a paragraph devoted to Marxist influence in history departments. Getting the facts straight is a prerequisite for serious inquiry into these matters.

But I was more bothered by Beichman's arguments than by his errors. An argument to him is not a discussion of logic or evidence but a street contest like "the dozens." Thus campus Marxists are denounced for not forming an Abraham Lincoln Brigade "to help the Afghan working class and peasants," as if Irving Kristol had given up his view of Central Park to fight near the Khyber Pass. Similarly, Beichman writes that "Marxism permits the professors to reject any responsibility for the results of the application of Marxism by party or government," evidently believing that a criterion for obtaining tenure should involve a condemnation of what the Russians do in Poland.

The gist of his argument is that Marxism, unlike communism, is not falsifiable, and therefore not an intellectual subject. Beichman tells us that the jury on Marxism is always out, since Marxism is disembodied from the states that claim to act in its name. Marxism, in addition, never has crises and can take on any form it wants. And "it is being taught as a moral code, a form of secular salvation, an incontrovertible analysis of failing democracy, and cruel and collapsing capitalism."

I am one of those who teach Marxism sympathetically, and I wish to inform Beichman that along with the increasing popularity of Marxism has come an increasing diversity in its meaning. Marxism has had major crises—intellectual ones—that have produced its most brilliant advocates, such as Georg Lukacs and Walter Benjamin. Its jury came in some time ago to report that vulgar Marxism was as bankrupt as *The Wall Street Journal*'s neoclassical liberalism and that it required new approaches and syntheses. The ferment within Marxism is indeed so great that one can no longer be sure what Marxism is, if somewhat more confident what it is not. Most important, a commitment to Marxism is in many ways the first step toward a critical understanding of what went wrong in its name. Italian Marxists, Spanish Marxists and even some French Marxists no longer identify with the Soviet Union and are responsible for some of the most original analyses of the faults of that society. For Beichman to insist that we be held responsible for Poland is like us insisting that capitalist democracy is immoral because of El Salvador. If he wants to be as simple-minded as my sectarian friends on the left, that is, I guess, his business.

To be "against" Marxism is to be against cosmopolitanism. All over the world, Marxism is taken seriously as a powerful tool for understanding modern society. In Europe all reputable sociologists deal seriously with Marxism, and in Mexico, universities are dominated by one or another variant of Marxist analysis. To the degree that American universities have come to accept what is unremarkable elsewhere in the world, this is a sign both of their maturity and of their unhappiness with the apolitical character of so many of America's other institutions. Critics like Beichman would sharpen their analyses if they accepted and engaged this trend instead of trying to reverse it. □

WRITERS CONGRESS RECORD

Sexism in Language

"One example that seems particularly appropriate to mention in relation to the cognitive exclusion of women through sexist language is the refusal of a great many well-educated people to acknowledge what a number of recent psychological and sociological studies have confirmed—namely, that in modern English the terms man *and* he *used in generalizations tend not to call to mind both female and male people, but males only. Used generically, the words are ambiguous, and because they are ambiguous, they are inaccurate and misleading.*

"Back in 1946 Mary Beard devoted several pages in her book Woman as Force in History *to the implications of using* man *as a synonym for 'human beings.' Not many people were listening thirty-five years ago, but she made two important points: respect for truth involves, even requires, using language with precision, and this has nothing to do with censorship.*

" 'This problem of clarity in thought, or the lack of it,' she wrote, 'looms large in hundreds of thousands of printed pages where the words man *or* men *appear in bewildering profusion, as well as in common and formal speech. The wide and loose circulation of these words is one of the striking features of modern loquacity and even of modern "science." Freedom of speech allows for large liberties, but speech so free as to be inexact and unintelligible is markedly licentious—and dangerous—when such subjects as human nature, the emotions, education, science, art, democracy, government, society, literary values, history, progress, retrogression, barbarism, and civilization are brought under a discussion intended to be serious and informed.' "*

—Casey Miller, writer and editor,
American Writers Congress, October 9-12, 1981.

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U.S. vs. 'Brown'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

The Brown-Cuba association was further confirmed by the exercise "scenario." The simulated Caribbean war commences on April 27, following Brown's attacks on U.S. ships and its stepped-up support for left-wing guerrillas in an unidentified Central American country (presumably El Salvador). In conducting these activities, Brown uses a wide range of modern aircraft and warships—including submarines—of a type now possessed in the region only by Cuba. In response to Brown's provocations, the President orders Admiral McKenzie to assemble a powerful strike force—not unlike the British armada sent to invade the Falklands—to destroy Brown's war-making capabilities.

In the first phase of the U.S. counterattack, aircraft from the carriers Forrestal and Independence bomb airfields, naval bases and other military installations in Brown. Additional attacks are conducted by B-52 bombers armed with conventional "iron" bombs. Then, in a sequence nearly identical to the British offensive in the Falklands, U.S. warships shell military strong points on the coast of Brown (represented, for this part of the exercise, by the U.S. gunnery range on Vieques). Finally, at dawn on May 7, 2,000 U.S. Marines storm ashore at "Blue Beach" on Vieques and destroy simulated enemy installations in the surrounding mountains. The entire operation ends on May 17 when U.S. officials determine that the bulk of Brown's military capabilities have been destroyed.

Officially, Ocean Venture was a training exercise designed to enhance the readiness of U.S. forces and to test U.S. "command and control" systems in the Caribbean area. U.S. officials did not, however, disguise the political implications of the operation. "We're here to show our friends that we can support them," McKenzie told me, "and to show our adversaries that we're capable of opposing them with very significant forces."

Planning for Ocean Venture began approximately one year ago, when the Reagan Administration chose Central America as the testing ground for its strategy of combatting "Soviet-Cuban adventurism" in the Third World. Initially, Administration strategists may have considered direct U.S. military involvement in El Salvador, but widespread public opposition forced the White House to renounce such action and to seek other ways of affecting the outcome of the struggle there. According to several reports, Secretary of State Haig asked the Defense Department to consider a wide range of military options—including a naval blockade of Nicaragua and military action against Cuba.

In the ensuing debate over U.S. strategy in the Caribbean, White House officials insisted that they would never repeat the "great mistake" made in Vietnam—which they identified as a debilitating preoccupation with the guerrilla war in South Vietnam and a resulting failure to carry the war to its "source" in North Vietnam. In any war in the Caribbean, they argued, the United States should go immediately to the source: Managua, Havana and Moscow. This approach reportedly underlies all the options developed by the Pentagon at Haig's request and constituted the guiding strategic principle of operation Ocean Venture.

Although the Administration has repeatedly affirmed that U.S. combat forces will not be sent to El Salvador, it has just as emphatically refused to rule out other military options, including action against Nicaragua and Cuba. Indeed, Haig has made a systematic effort to prepare the public for just such an eventuality. On March 2, for instance, he told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that there was "overwhelming and irrefutable" evidence that the Salvadoran guerrillas were controlled by outside agents—evidence which he would not reveal for security reasons. In fighting the guerrillas, he added, the United States will not "flounder as we did in Vietnam," but will move directly against the non-Salvadoran support system. Two weeks later, an unidentified "senior State Department official"—presumably Haig—told Don Oberdorfer of *The Washington Post* that the Administration no longer views the Salvadoran conflict as a regional issue but rather as part of a "global problem" originating in Cuba and the Soviet Union, a problem best dealt with by bringing political and military pressure to bear directly against those countries.

Operation Ocean Venture, which began just one month later, was obviously intended as a preview of this strategy. On one hand, it can be read as a political statement—as a signal to Moscow and Havana of Washington's determination to resist their continued support for Salvadoran guerrillas. On the other, it can be seen as a significant military operation in its own right—as a warm-up for the forces and command centers that would be employed in any actual attacks. Admiral McKenzie admitted to the accuracy of both interpretations when he declared that the exercise was intended both to "enhance the perception at home and abroad of the U.S. capability to project military power" and to provide a trial mobilization of forces under his command.

From either perspective, Ocean Venture was certainly impressive: at least sixty warships took part in the exercise, along with 360 combat aircraft and 132 transport planes. For the May 7 landing, McKenzie assembled a powerful task force of some fifteen amphibious assault ships and a half-dozen or so destroyers and escort ships. Air cover for the landing was provided by carrier-borne aircraft and other fighters deployed to Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico. To an observer, the whole operation looked like a dress rehearsal for the British landing at Port San Carlos.

Ground forces participating in the exercise included the 4th Marine Amphibious Brigade, based at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and elements of the Army's elite 101st Airborne Division, based at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. The

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participation of the 101st Division was particularly significant because it is part of the Rapid Deployment Force and is one of the first units that would be mobilized in any U.S. intervention abroad. When I noted that the R.D.F. is nominally reserved for a Persian Gulf contingency and asked several senior officers whether it is also available for Caribbean operations, they told me they were not permitted to answer that question.

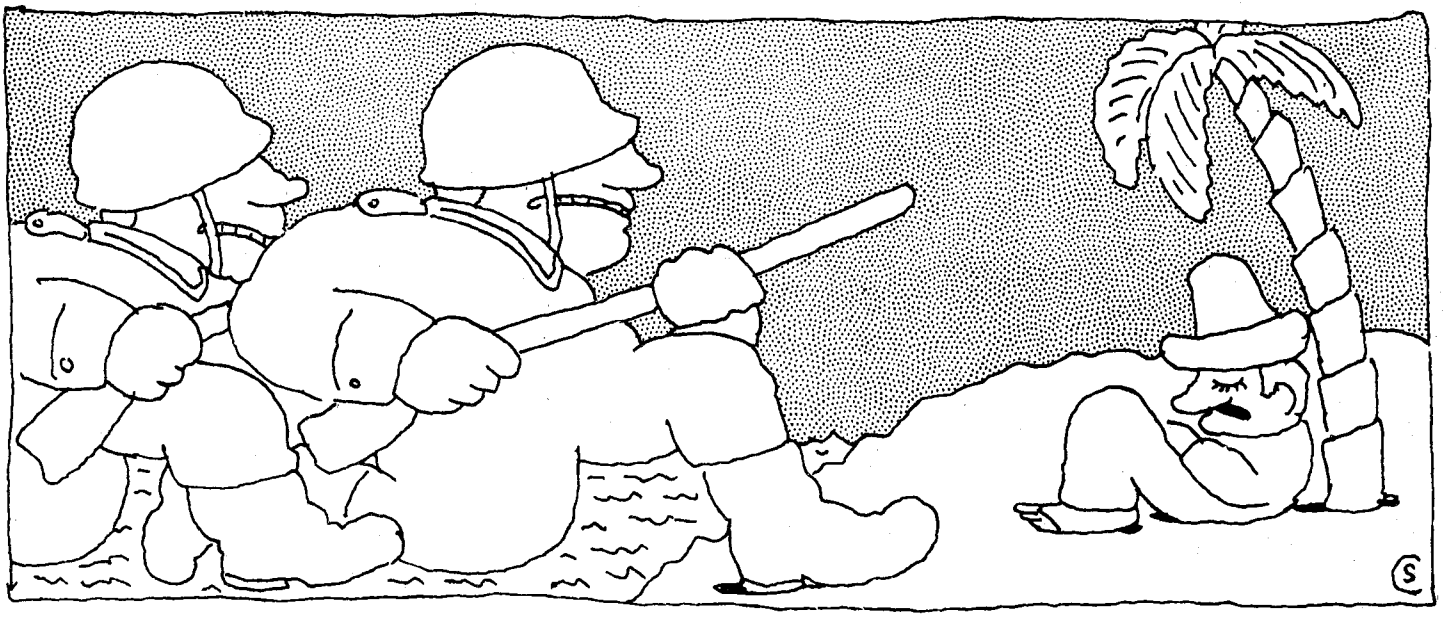
If my suspicions were mildly aroused by such reticence, they were given a real jolt by some of the other things I discovered during Ocean Venture. After I learned that the Army's Special Forces and the Navy's SEAL commandos were to play a major role in the exercise, I attempted to find out exactly what they were doing there. Although obviously reluctant to discuss this aspect of the operation, U.S. officials finally indicated that the Green Berets and SEALs were posing as agents of Brown sent to pro-U.S. countries to destroy "vital installations" like refineries and power plants. At one point, for instance, several SEAL teams in small rubber boats attempted to land on St. Croix and blow up U.S. plants located there (much as British commandos have landed on the Falklands to destroy key Argentine facilities).

Ostensibly, the purpose of this part of the exercise was to provide *defending* troops—including the National Guards of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands—with training in counterinfiltration and counterguerrilla operations. It is possible, however, that the real intent was the opposite: to train U.S. commandos in infiltration and sabotage operations in line with the Administration's plans to conduct covert operations in Nicaragua [see Saul Landau and Craig Nelson, "The C.I.A. Rides Again," *The Nation,* March 6]. None of the officials I spoke with was willing to confirm such a hypothesis, of course, but no one said anything to disprove it, either.

Because Ocean Venture coincided with the onset of the Falklands conflict, it was largely ignored by the establishment press. Those few reporters who did attend the maneuver tended to see it as just another large training exercise or made superficial comparisons to the Falklands situation. But there was definitely something much more significant going on than was ever reported in the press—because Ocean Venture clearly indicated that Secretary Haig's talk of carrying the Salvadoran guerrilla war to its source in Havana and Managua is not an idle threat but a policy that has been given very, very careful consideration by the Defense Department. This was especially apparent at Key West, where fifteen senior Pentagon commanders and 1,200 "augmentation personnel" assembled to staff the "war room" that occupied an entire wing of McKenzie's headquarters building. This may have been only "routine training," as some officers suggested, but the large scale of Ocean Venture, coupled with the involvement of the 101st Division and the Green Berets, suggests a much higher level of commitment than is normal in routine maneuvers.

If the mechanics of the May 7 landing on Vieques resemble those of the British landing at Port San Carlos, that does not mean a U.S. war in the Caribbean would resemble the fighting in the Falklands. The British faced at most 5,000 to 10,000 ill-equipped and poorly trained conscripts, whereas a U.S. landing on Brown—be it Cuba or Nicaragua—would surely involve much larger and better-prepared forces. Admiral McKenzie was unwilling to reveal the hypothetical losses from the landing, but officers on the scene told me that a well-equipped defense force using precision-guided missiles could have sunk most or all of the landing ships used in the assault. Naval combat in the Caribbean and air assaults on Brown's military installations would surely have produced a great many casualties as well.

The Falklands crisis has shown that even a small conventional conflict can prove highly dangerous and costly for all parties concerned. If Ocean Venture 1982 is any indication, a U.S. attack on Cuba or Nicaragua would prove even more dangerous and costly. It is essential, therefore, that we not diminish our vigilance toward the Administration's activities in Central America or reduce our opposition to an American Falklands in the Caribbean. □



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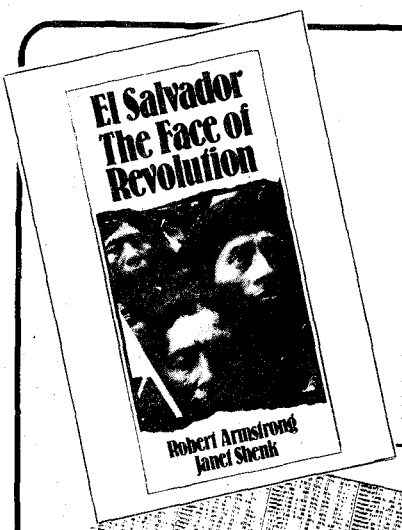

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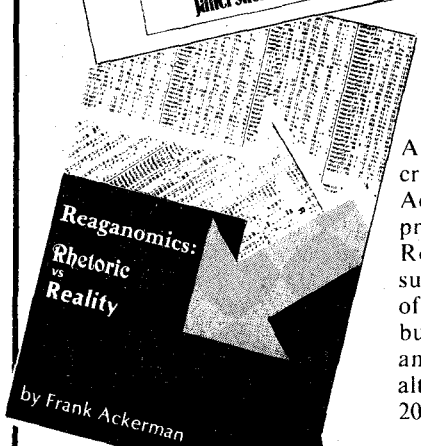

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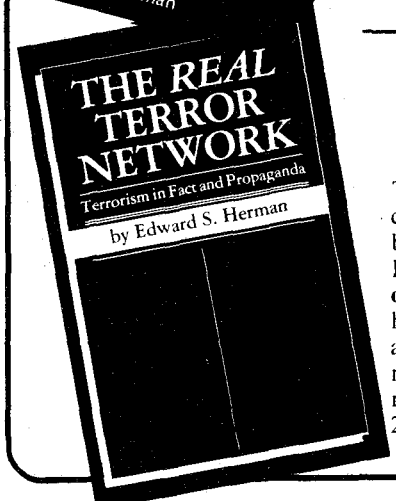

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Macho Poets

KATHA POLLITT

POETS IN THEIR YOUTH. *By Eileen Simpson. Random House. 256 pp. $15.50.*

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness," wrote Wordsworth, "but thereof comes in the end despondency and madness." Not gladness, amended Delmore Schwartz with gloomy wit: sadness. That poetic gifts are paid for in mental instability and self-destruction may be a Romantic notion (the earlier, harder-headed view was that poetic gifts are paid for in poverty and neglect), but it doesn't apply half so well to the Romantics as it does to their spiritual descendants, the American poets born around World War I—Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Delmore Schwartz, Theodore Roethke and John Berryman. Wordsworth, after all, was as sane as a stone, and died in his bed at 80-plus. What would he have made, I wonder, of the fact that American poetry in the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s was dominated by men who were clinically insane? Now that they are all prematurely dead—Schwartz in his fleabag hotel, Lowell in his taxi, Berryman and probably Jarrell suicides, Roethke drowned—perhaps we can begin to ask what we ourselves make of it.

Any assessment of these men's lives—and maybe of their poetry too—will have to reckon with *Poets in Their Youth*. For eleven years, in the 1940s and early 1950s, Eileen Simpson was married to Berryman, and this is her memoir of that marriage and of the couple's literary friendships—with Lowell and Jean Stafford, Roethke, Jarrell, Schwartz, R. P. and Helen Blackmur, Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon, Edmund Wilson and many others. It is a moving and deeply disturbing, even depressing book—all the more so because it is written with a charity readers may find themselves hard-pressed to match.

At least—I suppose I should come right out and say this—I was. Yes, yes, it's hard to be a poet even in the best of places, which hidebound Harvard and Princeton, in whose English departments Berryman toiled during those years, were not. And yes, yes, it's fatuous to expect poets to behave like model citizens of Middletown. All the same, how tiresome Berryman must have been, even as an earnest young bachelor, with his "little tea parties" of sherry and toasted pound cake, his flowing tie à la Yeats and his insistence on acquiring classical-music records in exactly the order (first Schubert, *then* Mozart) laid down by B. H. Haggin, author of *Music on Records*. Do not, under any circumstances, marry this man, I silently begged young Eileen, fresh out of Hunter, as, drunk and manic after an engagement party, Berryman capers dangerously on a penthouse parapet to terrify his mother. He will patronize you, and ignore you, and expect you to put up with scene after horrible scene—all for the sake of his poetry.

And so he did. A good poet Berryman may have been—although I reread the Dreamsongs recently and found all but a handful pretentious and self-aggrandizing. But he was a bad man. It's not just that he drank and womanized ("Surely you must see that there is little pleasure to be had from all this," he sternly admonished Eileen when she blew up at his flagrant adulteries. "It's a disease, an *illness*"). Or that he seems to have regarded his wife—"the terrifying bride" of one early poem—as something halfway between a hot-water bottle and a personal confessor. It's that he justified all his cruelties and excesses in advance by claiming a necessary connection between them and his writing. "Who does not wish for personal happiness?" he asks rhetorically—in blank verse, yet—when Eileen brings up her desire for a child. But if he were happy, would he be able to write? "Happiness," notes Simpson, "was dangerous."

Berryman's fellow poets were his equals in manic violence. Schwartz's paranoia is legendary. Lowell began one breakdown by trying to get the director of Yaddo fired on the grounds that she was a Communist and leading Elizabeth Hardwick and Flannery O'Connor in a walkout when the plan failed; he went on to Chicago, where, believing that such was "the will of God," he told poor Caroline Gordon the names of Allen Tate's mistresses; and finished by assaulting a police officer in Indiana. Roethke knocked down Tate's son-in-law upon being introduced to him at a party as "Dr. Wood"—he thought he was being hauled off to a mental hospital. Jarrell's engaging manner—"Baby *doll*!" he'd greet his friends—is a pleasant contrast to the "electrifying vivacity" of Berryman (Jarrell, says Simpson, "treated me as a person rather than a woman," a distinction that speaks volumes about the position of women in Berryman's circle). But Jarrell could be vicious, too, as readers of his criticism already know: when Berryman congratulated him on his fine review of Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle*, Jarrell "grumped a thanks, and began to make up wickedly witty parodies of Cal's poems, full of sabbaths, sermons, graveyards, ancestors, and, not to leave out the religious theme . . . the Mother of God." Funny stuff, but "Cal" Lowell was in the room at the time.

What was the matter with these men? Perhaps because she is a psychotherapist, Simpson tends to account for her poets' tormented lives in terms of their childhoods. Berryman, Schwartz and Lowell, she reminds us, were all the eldest, favored sons of strong mothers and emotionally or literally absent fathers. Berryman's father, indeed, killed himself when John was 9—in response, Berryman believed, to his mother's infidelities.

But there must be more to it than lonely boyhoods and Oedipal romances gone wrong, or half the population would be institutionalized: Simpson herself, after all, was brought up in an orphanage. Nor is it enough to blame our philistine and heedless culture. It is true that serious poets in our time cannot hope for universal acclaim or wealth—no poet is what one writer friend of mine enviously refers to as "face famous." But by middle age, Berryman, Lowell and Jarrell had achieved considerable reputations—only Schwartz, who had the most dazzling debut, had a downhill career—without either fame or financial security sweetening their tempers a bit.

The fact is, Americans may hate

Katha Pollitt's first book of poems, Antarctic Traveller, *was recently published by Knopf.*

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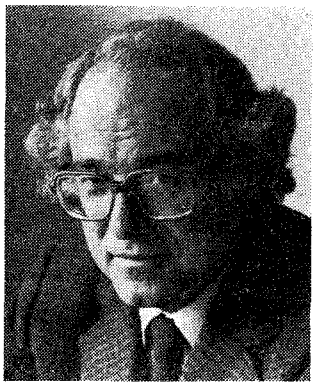
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poems, but they love poets—especially mad, doomed, drunken men poets (women poets, like women generally, are expected to behave in a civilized fashion). "The country is proud of its dead poets," writes Saul Bellow in *Humboldt's Gift*, his novel based on the life of Delmore Schwartz:

> It takes terrific satisfaction in the poet's testimony that the U.S.A. is too tough, too big, too much, too rugged, that American reality is too overpowering. And to be a poet is a school thing, a skirt thing, a church thing. The weakness of the spiritual powers is proved in the childishness, madness, drunkenness and despair of these martyrs. . . . They exist . . . to justify the cynicism of those who say, "If *I* were not such a corrupt, unfeeling bastard, creep, thief, and vulture, I couldn't get through this either."

The result is paradoxical: the same society that refuses to buy a poet's books encourages him in a disastrous belief that any behavior, no matter how exploitive, bizarre or unhealthy, is permitted him because he is that rare and special being, a poet. Campus matrons stood in line to sleep with Berryman. Obsequious graduate students hastened to refill his too-often-drained glass. Professors vied to invite him to parties where, if all went well, he would throw a tantrum and give the guests the thrill of a brush with genius. One would have had to possess the inner calm of a Zen master not to have had one's head turned a little by this sort of lionizing. And Berryman, who writes in one poem of his terrible fear that he was, after all, "not one"—that is, not a true poet—had zero inner calm on which to draw.

Which brings us to the poets' wives. "All poets' wives have rotten lives," Delmore chants to newlywed Eileen, busily clearing her husband's books off the kitchen shelves. "On the other hand, when you're old, and your hair has turned gray . . . its color, recorded in the poem, will remain forever 'the conflagration' it is today." If versified flattery is the best a poet's wife can hope for out of her marriage—and poor Eileen didn't even get much of that, for Berryman addressed his best love poems, the "Sonnets," to one of his mistresses—she ought seriously to consider replacing her husband with a bottle of Clairol.

We don't usually think of poetry as a suitable arena for the display of machismo—is it not, as Bellow says, a

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"skirt thing"?—but for Berryman and his pals it was exactly that. Perhaps they were afraid they *were* "skirts." We are back in an era when men talked, brilliantly, for hours—to one another, while the women listened. Jean Stafford, already a successful novelist, typed up draft after draft of Lowell's poems. Caroline Gordon bridled at the "whining" of married feminist writers about the burdens of housework: the thing to do, she tells Eileen, is to get it out of the way in the morning like a sensible woman, so you can write your novels in the afternoon, before overseeing dinner for your husband's literary hangers-on. That way, when he divorces you, as Tate divorced Gordon, you can spend the rest of your life feeling bitter and rejected. Of all the marriages presented here, not one proved lasting, but among the wives only Helen Blackmur seems to have had a properly demystified attitude toward her husband's literary career. "Let him bring his own chop," she responded darkly when R. P. suggested giving a dinner party for the newly Nobelized T. S. Eliot. Needless to say, that sort of remark has got her a very bad press, but anyone who reads Simpson's account of the cocktail party she and Berryman gave Eliot—a veritable orgy of literary striving and anxious gentility—will suspect that Helen was on to something.

Again and again while reading *Poets in Their Youth*, I found myself thinking of Elizabeth Bishop, the one major poet of Berryman's generation who does not make an appearance in these pages. Bishop had a childhood as harrowing as any of her confreres and received far less applause and serious critical attention. *The Paris Review*, for example, did not even publish an interview with her until after her death. Moreover, she was a woman and a lesbian—major handicaps in the burly male world of serious lit. in the prefeminist era. And yet, somehow or other, she managed to lead her life with a minimum of fuss and savagery—people actually *liked* her—and to write poems as great as anything Berryman, for all his ranting, produced. Let men make of this what they will. But for women the message is clear. Don't marry a poet—be one. □

Private Destinies

SVEN BIRKERTS

LIGHT YEARS. *By James Salter. North Point Press. 308 pp. $8.50.*

For the past few years, North Point Press in San Francisco has been waging a vigorous campaign to prove that quality publishing is still possible in this country. Not only are its products well made (sewn-in signatures on acid-free paper) but some of the freshest writing of our time appears under its imprint—works by Evan S. Connell, Guy Davenport, Wendell Berry and Gilbert Sorrentino, to name a few. Now, with the republication of James Salter's novel *Light Years* (originally published by Random House in 1967), another hectare of talent has been annexed.

Light Years features a reproduction of Pierre Bonnard's "The Breakfast Room" on the front cover. Its textures, tones and silences are so consonant with those of the novel that the reader cannot help seeing its afterimage throughout, first as an emblem of the calm and abundance of family life, later as a reminder of how much has been undone. For this novel—explicitly moody, tender, elegiac—details the disintegration of a love and the unraveling of a well-knit life by the hearth. It is no matter that the terrain—affluent America in the 1950s and 1960s—has been trodden and retrodden by Cheever and Updike: Salter demonstrates the inexhaustibility of private destinies. As Tolstoy wrote, "every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Salter's lush yet quick style, his mastery of domestic resonances and, finally, his creation in Nedra and Viri of two urgent, susceptible natures assure that his treatment will be singular.

Nedra, the woman, is the active core of the book. Her discovered needs—for more meaning, more *self*—supply the centrifugal energies that will, to a large extent, determine the fate of the family. Described in the opening pages, at 28, the mother of two daughters, Nedra is

> slim as a pike. . . . She has a wide

Sven Birkerts is a bookseller living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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mouth, the mouth of an actress, thrilling, bright. Dark smudges in her armpits, mint on her breath. Her nature is extravagant. She buys on impulse, she visits Bendel's as she would a friend's, gathering up five or six dresses and entering a booth, not bothering to draw the curtain fully, a glimpse of her undressing, lean arms, lean trunk, bikini underpants. . . . Her dreams still cling to her, adorn her; she is confident, composed, she is related to long-necked creatures, ruminants, abandoned saints. She is careful, hard to approach. Her life is concealed. It is through the smoke and conversation of many dinners that one sees her: country dinners, dinners at the Russian Tea Room. . . .

I quote at length, in part to show Salter's style, but also because he has given us, with a few quick strokes, a feel for a milieu and its rites. Much of the book unfolds in the course of these dinners, at these places, among people for whom sprees at Bendel's are a matter of course.

And Viri?

> He was a Jew, the most elegant Jew, the most romantic, a hint of weariness in his features, the intelligent features everyone envied, his hair dry, his clothes oddly threadbare—that is to say, not overly cared for, a button missing, the edge of a cuff stained, his breath faintly bad like the breath of an uncle who is no longer well.

VOCATIONS

The flies were sleeping on the valleys
of tables, on cold sills,
on windows that couldn't see them,
on ziggurats of books
overdue for weeks,
on the silverish hair of a bum
curled under a palm tree,
dreaming of a better place to sleep
or a worse place.

*

Once there was a factory
where many people lived.
Once, returning from a refrigerator
with a beer, my father told me
how he'd drawn up the blueprints
for the walls and sweating steel
intestines of another factory.
He had worked in yet another
dirtier, more primitive one
as an adolescent,
and his love for repetition seemed
deadly but not bad.

Industry was in his blood,
a trip each morning
to your endless choice,
long slivers of the mineral hillsides
in the form of butcher knives
the best-paid workers touted at their hips,
his blood was the darker-than-crimson
from the porcine jugular
over his public hands, face and frock.
His own father, a carpenter
had nailed nailed the forest
out of attics and hallways.
But he had turned fields of grass into men.

*

I worked under his roof
and it wasn't hell or anything
an attitude would keep away.
Tonight,
I remember how I got away from it
not for very long
by wondering what they
dreamed of, the older women
of the bacon room that smelled of salt,
steel and perfume.
The smell of rouge was a kind of wind.
If I dreamed of it now

it would be too vague
to tell apart from the outside world
of sunset-blooded cumulus.
It would be a large cube in the snow
and inside would be snowing,
the conveyor belts lost and separated
from the sound of grinding.
The foreman would put on pants
of horsehair and bark and miniature bells,
dancing till the workers turned to
curls in the snow, to sleep a million years.
Who'll pay for these imaginings.

*

That factory and others
multiply in the moonlight,
tamarisk trees brushing the sky,
nearly wearing through.
Now, during a desert monsoon
lightning in four directions
brings not one drop of water.
But there are frogs on the lawn
glowing like freeways do: nights
when you merge into the displaced traffic
and the green signs, there all along,
take you back to the nowhere you left
in the haste to return there.

An old man across the street
licks at his popsicle, and his wife
drops hers with a clumsiness beyond words.
No matter what designs you had for it
the sun has dropped behind the mountains.
I have taken enough hurt from people
to believe myself one of them,
to throw my shoes off before sleep,
things dropping from the air.
Some of them
too small to sing like this or cast shadows.

William Olsen

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The tragedy of Nedra and Viri is already implicit in these two descriptions: character is fate. In spite of the love and companionship they share, their energies are fundamentally alien. Nedra, like a flower, will turn her soul to the strongest light; Viri will brood perversely near the glow of failure. As tender as he is to wounds and yearnings, Salter has a tragedian's grasp of implacability. What God has put together, man must sunder. The children grow up, Nedra and Viri—only then—divorce. In the end, Nedra achieves a hard-won, solitary fulfillment and dies of a mysterious illness; Viri flees into a disastrous second marriage.

Light Years is about the breaking of invisible human threads—it is in no sense a happy book. The process is slow, painful and reluctantly undergone. Each broken filament is a consequence of forces and needs that are felt but in no way understood. Impulse, longing, change—these are mysterious and irreducible. And in this respect one does not feel that Viri and Nedra have betrayed each other. If anything has betrayed them it is time itself, time rearing up against the heedless optimism of a present that cannot believe that things will change. This is Salter's pivot. He moves the plot forward not on its own dynamic force but by way of elision. We are given one richly detailed cross section after another. The further we get into the novel, the greater and more eloquent are the intervals. Events and the changes they have wrought are given *en passant*—it is for us to register the recoil. What finally emerges is a narrative that corresponds to life as it is felt and remembered; the elisions are the same kind that we practice on our own experience.

But there is something about this novel that is more thrilling than its cadences, its descriptive felicities or its evocations of character. It is the sense we get, in places almost overpowering, that the book is not about Nedra and Viri at all, that its real protagonist is time. Time is the element featuring itself through the lives of these people, sweeping them up, fingering them like the stops on an instrument, revealing only gradually its force and immensity. The characters, lacking the purchase conferred by genuine suffering or privation, cross its expanse like so many water-striders. They do not penetrate the mystery. It penetrates them, exhausts them, wears away the last vestiges of pride, vanity and self-love. Living wisely means recognizing this and submitting to it. Conveying this is Salter's useful, durable gift; his book is a *memento mori* that quickens us in the here and now. □

Abbie, Again

DON LESSEM

SQUARE DANCING IN THE ICE AGE. *By Abbie Hoffman. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 242 pp. $14.95.*

In this Warholian age, we've each been allotted fifteen minutes of celebrity. Abbie Hoffman, 45, portly and graying at the temples, has had more than his share. "I'm the most famous relatively poor person in America who hasn't killed a whole bunch of people or assassinated a political candidate," boasts the Yippie Godfather in this volume of On the Road essays. Hoffman got on the bus by mistake, "zeroed out on a drug bust," but consummate media and police manipulator that he is, he prolonged his escape into a seven-year run which culminated, characteristically, on television, with Hoffman flinging aside his incognito before Barbara Walters.

The subsequent year in prison was Hoffman's fortieth incarceration, but by far his longest stretch. Though he finished his sentence at a minimum security facility, he did some hard time first, including six weeks in The Tombs in New York City. To judge by "The Crime of Punishment," a compelling piece on Jack Abbott and prison life, Hoffman was unprepared for life offstage: "Where Abbott sees revolution pounding in every prisoner's breast, I see a craving to watch more television cartoons."

My own craving was for a glimpse of the newly freed Abbie, so I sat in at a publicity bash in the basement of the Sheraton in Worcester, Massachusetts, the day after his release from prison this past March. The absence of an audience must have been a stiff punishment in itself, and Hoffman was clearly struggling to make up for lost time. The occasion was both a homecoming (Hoffman's mother and promoter-brother, Jack, still live in Worcester) and a benefit for a new medical-relief program for El Salvador—a typically Hoffmanesque confusion of personal aggrandizement and political chivalry.

Fewer than thirty of the curious, friendly and related attended. "He killed his father with his *mishegaas* and the Jewish community can't forgive him," suggested a former classmate. "He's the greatest. You should interview me," offered a cousin. Hoffman's mother looked worried. "He's thirsty, get him some wine, Jack. Afterward, you'll all come back to my house for corned beef."

Hoffman looked old and pained. "Hah, Ma," he said wearily, "I think we'll go out." He also seemed somewhat at sea: "Where's my running mate?"—his wife, Johanna, asleep upstairs—"I wish she were here." All the same, he could not resist the temptation to hold forth even to a handful of the converted. Hoffman is more Myron Cohen than Mort Sahl these days: "How does a Jew decide when a fetus is viable? When it finishes graduate school." Of prison life he said only, "It's bad, man, very bad."

Yet another cause for celebration that night was the commencement of Hoffman's promotional tour for *Square Dancing in the Ice Age*, a blitz that would take him, among other places, to the University of New Mexico as a stand-in for Timothy Leary in the lucrative G. Gordon Liddy debates. As a nostalgia item, Hoffman drew well at a Worcester bookstore, and it seems likely that he will draw curiosity-seekers from the formerly faithful elsewhere.

Square Dancing attests that Hoffman can still raise important issues, even if he can't lift eyebrows. "Why," he asks, "is a society that is 85 percent white locking up a society that is 85 percent non-white?" Why, he wonders of Philip Agee, is "the U.S. the only place where the U.S. wasn't strong enough to disrupt his life and work"? Talking about Newspeak news presentation, he asks, "How can the ultra-left speak to Americans who have been nurtured on the idea that truth, like the hole in the doughnut, rests firmly in the middle?"

Don Lessem is a staff writer for Worcester Magazine. *His books include* Dress for Failure *(Morrow) and* How to Flatten Your Nose *(Yuk).*

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The solution, for Hoffman, has always been to keep his guerrilla theater a comedy. Some of *Square Dancing*'s humor is sophomoric: Washington is "the Great White Phallus of the Potomac rising out of Chocolate." But the hyperbole can be effective, too: "Union agitation was about as healthy as bubonic plague until the Wall St. Journal discovered Lech Walesa." As always, Hoffman lacks the patience to gather his thoughts into anything more cohesive than a bellow of outrage, but as polemics these pieces work.

Hoffman sustains himself, and his arguments, by the conviction that every cause is The Cause. A trip to the greening ghost town of Madrid, New Mexico (six years before *Sixty Minutes*), prompts thoughts of "the history of New Mexico, a history of corporate plunder." Plains, Georgia, he reminds us, is in "Southwest Georgia . . . the scene of some of the most outrageous oppression of blacks imaginable." And the Army Corps of Engineers, whose St. Lawrence Seaway expansion he fought while living under the name Barry Freed, is "unquestionably the most gung-ho, can-do organization in the entire federal government."

Hoffman's not conning us, he's kidding himself—as he must to keep fighting the good and hopeless fight. So he falls back on pat sociological forecasts for the 1980s ("pot-smoking backpackers will be breaking bread with beer-drinking fishermen and hunters"), longing for the 1960s ("now, there was a decade") and loathing for the decade in between that deserted him ("concern for others displaced by pre-occupation with self").

Many of the musings in *Square Dancing* are silly; many of the personal observations are embarrassing, although its autobiographical predecessor, *Soon To Be a Major Motion Picture*, was worse in both respects. Hoffman swills through a gourmet junket to France by posing as Mark Samuels, a fictitious food editor for *Playboy*. He tips us off on how to tour Mexico on a shoestring by ripping off the locals, then defends this "trading" as part of the "Mexican social fabric." Such high jinks are all he gives us of life on the run, but then Hoffman-Samuels-Freed was never fond of facing himself. "Avoidance of unhappiness" is his raison d'être, and his life goals sound like an Earl Butz joke: "fuckin', good food, good friends, fresh air, good news."

Hoffman concludes *Square Dancing* wishing for a return to northern New York State as a latter-day Saul Alinsky: "For me, the war has just begun. I can't wait to return home." But home is where the heat is for Hoffman. Before he Freed himself, "Thousand Islands was a salad dressing," and it's still just an appetizer. Hoffman's after bigger game, and his goose remains uncooked. For now, he'd advise you to buy this book. □

CROSSOVER

In the year of the comet, light
fell through our windows blue
as the palest sky, shafts of light
all our wondering had
turned toward: those disappearances
of dust and smoke finally
made clear, columns of white
two flies would angle through, the grace
light brought in which invisible
wishes, lost objects found
themselves, were seen for the first time
as real, able to
reflect, breathable as air.

All those years we slept
with curtains open to a sky
revolving in our dream.
In the midst of downed stars, a crowd
scene unlike anything
we would have ever imagined,
the comet—the idea
of it fixed as perennial
blooming—slept with us too,
and we were alone with ourselves
and with what comes
from far away to touch us. Dying
or alive, we'd be touched.

That first night, caskets
opened at a trace
of the comet's tail. We saw graveyards
shift the angle of
their slopes as bodies, new dead
and old, rose
in single acts of upheaval.
The year the comet
crossed our sky, lilies closed,
evening and morning. We
burned candles hoping night
would bring in all its fears, this
one fear, to join us in the world.

We were not denied. Stars
went away, returned with weather.
Years of horse or dragon
turned and we grew timely, old as
animals we'd passed through.
If none of us would ever again see
the comet, we thought that
fitting. Once in our lives, afraid
for the world, for ourselves
and the life we'd made, we had
had our chance to be human.

Rick Robbins

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Southern Belles Lettres

ALICE DENHAM

SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT. *By Rita Mae Brown. Harper & Row. 249 pp. $13.50.*

THE REDNECK WAY OF KNOWLEDGE: Down-Home Tales. *By Blanche McCrary Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf. 160 pp. $10.95.*

The South has risen again. The New South is producing women writers with wit and drive, tough-nut survivors who view the world with a jaundiced but breezy air. Their voices contrast sharply with those of Carson McCullers, Flannery O'Connor or Eudora Welty. Rita Mae Brown and Blanche McCrary Boyd appear to have gone everywhere, suffered aplenty and come up laughing.

In *Rubyfruit Jungle*, we met Rita Mae Brown, all-American cheerleader as lesbian. Although Brown's foot was firmly planted on her mother's head in *Rubyfruit*, it was a refreshingly gleeful book. *Southern Discomfort* plays games with class and color in the early twentieth century, and here Brown's humor cuts like a butter knife. It isn't easy to be funny about miscegenation in the Montgomery, Alabama, of 1918.

Upper-class Hortensia Banastre, who has never been moved by man, including her well-bred husband, falls for Hercules Jinks, 15-year-old black boxer with a Herculean body, a sister at Vassar and a mother who teaches Latin. Hercules gains instant fame in his first bout in Chicago, whither Hortensia's passion leads her. Then Hortensia gets pregnant. Since this turn of events threatens to push the book in complex directions, Brown kills Hercules off in a freak accident. Zoom to 1928, when the child of their union is growing up in the Banastre household passed off as the daughter of a servant. Since Hortensia dotes on illegitimate Catherine, her legitimate son becomes vicious. Why? Because Hortensia ignored him as a child. And why was she an indifferent mother to him (odd considering her loving parents)? Because she came out of the womb haughty. Why? For plot reasons.

All this could be fascinating material for a serious book, but the lame humor and jump-cut pace turn character into stereotype. More energy and care go into her description of a Halloween Great Witch Hunt than into her presentation of miscegenation and death. The tension between black and white that was experienced by the Old South is absent. Two whores, Banana Mae and Blue Rhonda, are introduced as comic relief. Is this book farce or a comedy of manners? Where is the verbal jousting or the parodic posturing of the old Southern tradition?

Yet there are some lovely lines and a tense, hilarious scene in which Hortensia spots her husband with his (un)fancy lady and confronts the two on her "mount," Bellerophon. The fear and apprehension shown here are absent elsewhere, especially where it matters most—between Hortensia and Hercules and between them and their constricted society, which Brown depicts as being as open and crossable as a stage set.

The Redneck Way of Knowledge is a redneck rubberneck tour of the Rockettes, Pope John Paul II at Yankee Stadium, stock car races, a Tough Man contest, the Ku Klux Klan shoot up of those Commies in Greensboro, North Carolina, and the 1980 Democratic National Convention. Boyd's articles on violence and politics are superb, but her personal essays are bantamweight.

In the title essay, Boyd describes her return home to Charleston, South Carolina, after having sampled every clichéd bit of enlightenment offered by the 1960s. She notes the importance of drinking, partying, driving around and creative lying, but the prejudices of white Southerners startle her. She insists she enjoys stock car racing and the local arts festival, although I noticed she had to stay drunk to get through them. Speaking of the storytelling dear to Southerners, Boyd says her family tells the same stories over and over as "an incantation . . . a way of expressing complicated feelings about each other," but she doesn't show us her family so we don't get to know them, their feelings or much about why she came home. Instead, Boyd shows us the rather superficial cleverness of Dixie,

Alice Denham, the author of My Darling From the Lions *(Bobbs-Merrill) and* Amo *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), is a Southerner living in Manhattan.*

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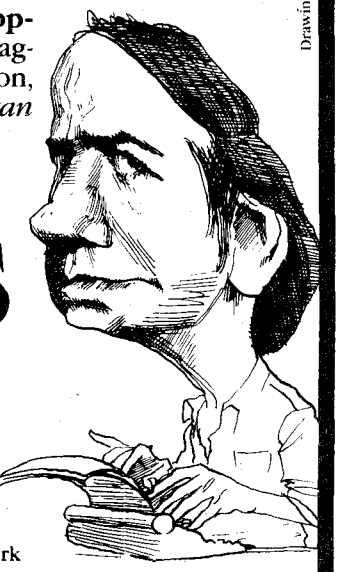

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Shreve and other women friends. Like Brown, Boyd is a bit of a lesbian tease. At one point she summarizes her great romances with women. They were (*1*) innocent, (*2*) wary, (*3*) committed, (*4*) disillusioned, etc. That's about it.

On to the good stuff, which is first rate. In "Tough," Boyd uses the Tough Man competition to show how violence ricochets from the fighters to the spectators: a man hits his friend for saying, "How're you doing?"; when a woman falls and bleeds, her two friends are so eager to get back to the violent fray that they don't help her up.

In "Ambush," Boyd writes brilliantly about what happened when the Communist Workers Party rallied against the Ku Klux Klan in Greensboro in November 1979. This is the best kind of social criticism: incisive, comprehensive, eminently fair to all sides. Her anecdotal piece about her visit to the 1980 Democratic Convention is equally impressive. And even though at one point Boyd seems to care more about hurting a black man's feelings with heedless words than about her good friend Dixie shooting herself, she conveys more of the tension and threat of racism in this slim collection than Brown does in her much longer novel.

In both Brown and Boyd, the finely honed style of the Southern tradition has been replaced by the brusque vitality of the Sun Belt. "In the North," says Boyd, oh so accurately, "I always felt mildly barbaric, a little too earthy, and I worried that I drank too much."

I'll drink to that! □

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THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Wielopole, Wielopole

On the basis of its ten-day run in New York City last month at La MaMa, Tadeusz Kantor's *Wielopole, Wielopole* has caused more stir in intellectual theater circles (by which I mean that rather small community of people who actually think about theater) than anything in a number of years. Kantor, one of whose previous plays, *The Dead Class*, was done here a few years ago, is a 67-year-old theoretician of theater as well as an enormously diversified practitioner: writer, director, designer, lighting man, etc. *Wielopole, Wielopole* is a work Kantor created with his Cricot² company (which is named after an important avant-garde group in Krakow between the wars) and with some Italian actors in Florence, where the piece was developed and given its premiere last year.

Kantor's troupe of some fifteen actors performs on a small, makeshift stage which is nearly bare: a few rough chairs, a wooden table, a wardrobe, a door frame. From time to time they bring on additional scenic elements—a bed, a gigantic crucifix, life-size puppets. All wear ashen yellow makeup and are given to outsize gestures and facial expressions. Their costumes, which they change behind a flat at the rear of the stage, are black or dull shades of tan or off-white, the most frequent garb (for the men at least) being soldiers' uniforms. Throughout the piece, which lasts about an hour and a quarter, recorded music is played, often quite loudly: a fragment of a Chopin scherzo, a military march, a psalm sung by a church choir. And all the while Kantor, a man with a long, saturnine face, stands at the side of the stage watching his creation, directing or "conducting" it every night with little gestures, grimaces and nods.

Wielopole is the name of Kantor's hometown in Poland, and what the company "enacts" is, by his own description of the work, a child's view, recaptured from memory, of his own house and family and of the life around him. Religious motifs abound, occasionally Jewish, but more often and with special force as something both hieratic and threatening, Catholic. Themes of violence and oppression are woven into the texture of the piece; the soldiers make many appearances, sometimes as simple icons of force and other times as direct agents of death. In one especially harrowing segment an old rabbi is machine-gunned, raised up by a priest, shot again, raised up and shot once more. In another scene a figure is fastened to the huge crucifix and paraded around the stage.

If there is a narrative or story line, it isn't readily available to those who don't understand Polish. One can make out a wedding here, a particular family legend there, but no complete "tale." Even so, one suspects that what is being said (or, more often, chanted or intoned) on stage is less crucial to the work's esthetic and psychic reality than is its sheer visual exuberance—if that's the right word for an often frenzied, nightmarish succession of scenes and tableaux. The visual predominates, in keeping with Kantor's background as a painter and with his early work in the theater as a designer. It's also in keeping with the nature of Eastern European theater in general, where stage design has tended to outstrip most other elements of theater in skillfulness and surprise.

Not that *Wielopole, Wielopole* is something to be admired solely for its appearance. A spectator would have to be esthetically illiterate and emotionally frozen not to respond to the forcefulness of the work as a whole, however inadequately one can paraphrase what's been experienced. Kantor's work makes me think of what it must have been like to witness one of Vsevolod Meyerhold's great productions in the 1920s, and indeed Kantor has acknowledged his debt to the Russian innovator. Nearer our own time, Kantor has been compared, favorably by some critics, to his fellow Pole Jerzy Grotowski. I agree with the

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aptness of the comparison, but not with the judgment that Kantor is the greater theater artist.

I think Grotowski was more rigorous, "purer," a deeper mind. In Kantor's theater there's a great deal of eclecticism, even a grab-bag quality. He makes the diverse elements cohere, but something slightly disturbing remains: a sense of occasional effects for their own sake, moments when theatricality isn't so much in the service of vision or discovery as it is a kind of indulgence. I don't wish to deprecate Kantor by saying this, but only to indicate why I continue to esteem Grotowski's work of the late 1960s as the most revelatory I've ever seen. Comparisons aside, Kantor's world of dream and psychic myth, memory and ritual, outcry and obsession takes its place among the handful of truly unforgettable experiences one can have in the theater these days. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Bolero
The Vulture

Some movies—*The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Chariots of Fire*, *Quartet* are recent examples—remind me of big machines, Mardi gras floats that move forward at a deliberate pace but with great momentum, giving off prodigies of sound and light, evoking exotic scenes. Such films look not merely expensive; they look rich, and it is difficult to resist their opulence. Nor should one necessarily do so—displays of great wealth have always been a form of public entertainment.

Claude Lelouch's latest is one of these extravaganzas. In France it was called *Les uns et les autres*, which translates as "The Ins and the Outs," referring to those who prevail over, and those who fall prey to, circumstance. Here it has been renamed *Bolero*, which refers to the grandiose closing scene, staged on the great expanse between the Trocadero and the Eiffel Tower and set swinging to Ravel's indestructible pulse raiser. The picture spans almost half a century—from 1936 to the present—and traces the fortunes of four family groups whose origins are in Moscow, Paris, Berlin and New York City. All

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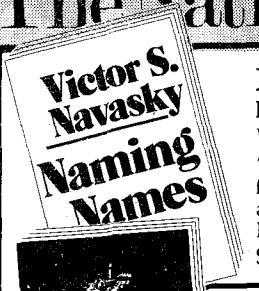

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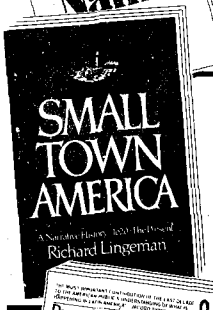

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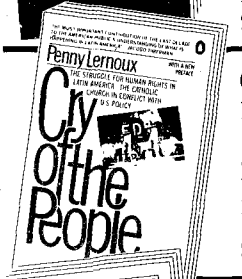

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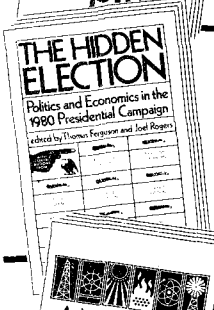

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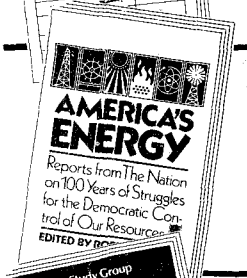

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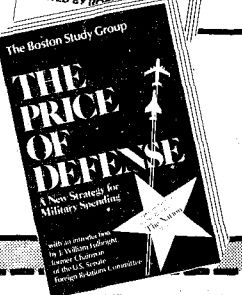

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four, in one way or another, are associated with music, and representatives of all four are present, as participants or witnesses, at the grand finale. And the need to shepherd these family groups, decade by decade, generation by generation, through their individual trials and triumphs toward the designated meeting place gives the picture, for all its touching vignettes and blazing spectacles, an air of polished calculation.

The almost three-hour production is filled with music and dance, both classical and popular, splendidly performed. The acting is of a consistently high quality, and one is particularly struck by the work of James Caan, Robert Hossein, Geraldine Chaplin, Jorge Donn, Rita Poelvoorde and Evelyne Bouix, all of whom play dual roles as parent and child, thus demonstrating a continuity in life that is emotionally gratifying if intellectually not entirely convincing.

Lelouch, who also wrote and produced the movie, has deliberately developed the interlaced stories to include sets and scenes that only the most affluent of productions could afford. Not many film makers would offer a full-scale Folies-Bergère show number for the small narrative purpose of allowing a violinist and a pianist in the orchestra to meet and fall in love. Nor could a less well-heeled director secure the collaboration not only of Maurice Bejart but of five other less celebrated though manifestly talented choreographers, each with his or her own company of dancers. There is a dramatic scene on a train taking deportees to a Nazi death camp, another at the Bolshoi Theater (actually the Paris Labor Exchange), a third at Place de Calvaire, Montmartre, on the day of liberation from the Germans; still others on the aircraft carrier Clemenceau, in a snug Greenwich Village cul-de-sac, in the war zone near Stalingrad. Dancers take over an abandoned Citröen factory, German POWs and returning deportees file past one another in an immense (and fabricated) railway station. And all these strands of personal history flow toward the Trocadero, where Dorn, one of Bejart's principal dancers, is surrounded by a male chorus that weaves and genuflects as he moves with ever-rising fever to the tom-tom beat of "Bolero." (That final blockbuster is allegedly in aid of UNESCO and the Red Cross, but I didn't much like it—I kept looking for the passed banks of swastikas.)

All this and, as the circus posters say, much, much more. *Bolero* is indeed a thick and rich slice of life, and I've been trying to decide what sort of view it intends to take of its half-century. Looking for enlightenment, I turned to a synopsis signed by Lelouch that appears in a handsome souvenir program. It begins with George Orwell's observation that some men are more equal than others, which seemed to me not strikingly germane, and ends as follows:

> In short, what's most important about "The Ins and the Outs" is the spectacle, the show, entertainment. That's what it takes to make people dream, to make them believe that somewhere out there there's a better world. For, what have we got from all those centuries of entertainers and managers? . . . We've got immortal shows which have made men into heroes, but which certainly haven't shown us how to make heroes live in harmony!

With due respect for the opinions of a talented and prodigiously energetic director, that is sadly murky. But I do understand that we are supposed to relax, enjoy the big show and not worry about big ideas. Which, in large part, is what I did.

A much smaller but, in the context of current history, more interesting movie is *The Vulture*, by the Israeli director Yaky Yosha, who took his script from chapters in Yoram Kaniuk's novel *The Last Jew.*

"Vulture" is the epithet that Boaz, the antihero of the film, applies to himself and to those Israelis who sustain themselves by perpetuating romantic legends about their sons and brothers who have died in war. An army lieutenant, Boaz had fought in the battle along the Suez Canal. Shortly after a cease fire ended that war, one of his men had fired on some unsuspecting enemy soldiers and had been killed in turn. Back in Israel, the lieutenant meets up with Hankin, father of the dead soldier, who is eager for news of his son's last hours. To satisfy the older man, Boaz says his son died nobly, adding impulsively that he has brought back with him a poem the boy wrote shortly before he was killed. Naturally, Hankin is afire to see it, and that night Boaz writes a poem, artistically "aging" the sheet with burn marks and dirt. Delighted by this evidence of his son's sensitivity, Hankin reveals that he and

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the boy's fiancée are putting together a memorial volume, and he importunes Boaz to assist them. Because he is at loose ends and especially because the girl, Noga, is attractive, he lets himself be persuaded.

The book is a success. Boaz learns that the army has collected a whole library of such volumes, presided over by another pretty young woman, Yardena. The three become collaborators, the women out of conviction, Boaz because he is good at this flummery and is bitterly amused by the credulity of his "customers." They also become an amorous trio, Boaz having seduced Noga and raped Yardena, the latter being one of those scenes where the victim's frantic blows turn into yielding caresses. It is a current movie cliché which doesn't persuade me and which I find offensive.

Nevertheless, Boaz is an engaging, if hardly admirable, man. He is played by Shraga Harpaz, who has somewhat the features of an American Indian and who walks with the slouching arrogance of the modern world's disillusioned youth. Without really intending it, Boaz has developed a lucrative racket that involves writers, designers, printers, sculptors and other artisans in a considerable network. Eventually he is hauled into court on a charge of tax evasion, and Hankin comes to his rescue with an emotional recitation of the great, consoling work he has done. Freed, but in a mood of deep revulsion against himself and the whole mawkish setup, Boaz turns on the old man, revealing that it was he who wrote the poem that got him started in the vulture trade.

It is a brutal, but I think therapeutic film. It could have been made about the war in Vietnam; it could be made about the young Britons and Argentines who are dying in the Falklands as I write. The families of dead soldiers always want to believe that the slaughter had some meaning, and they want that assurance the more passionately as the meaning becomes more obscure. □

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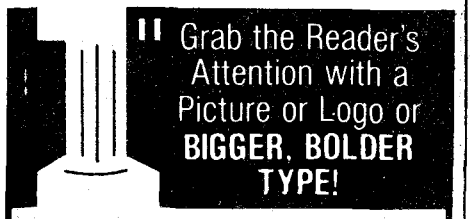

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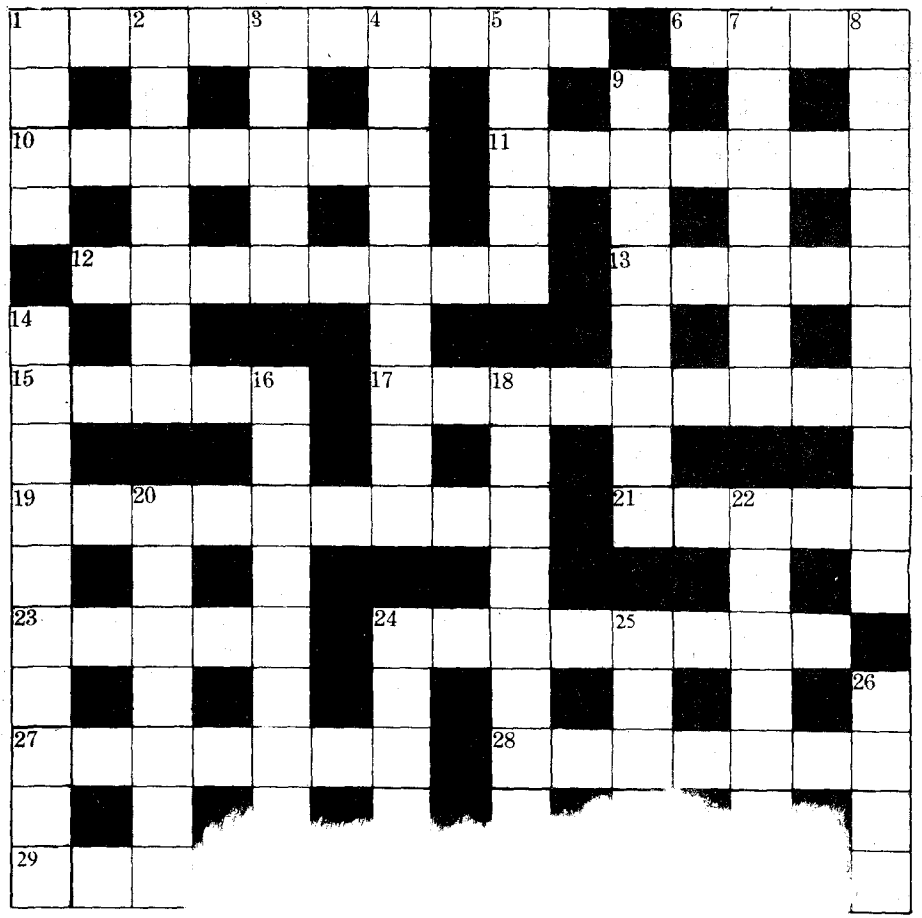

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